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THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE ENEMY.
SKETCH ON BOARD ONE OF THE CRUISERS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is said that there are two kinds of bad paymasters—those who pay beforehand and those who don't pay at all, though I have sometimes found the former class very convenient. Similarly there are two sorts of unpunctual folk—those who come too soon and those who come too late, though here again there seems a vast difference in the offenders. It is surely better to have a few minutes to spare to choose the right volume at the bookstall than to be pitchforked into the moving train, especially since the habitually late people are always those whose time is absolutely valueless either to themselves or others. Still, there should be a moderation in "being in time." One should wait till the breath is out of the body of a moribund person before taking the watch from under his pillow. This is just what they don't do in Birmingham, a town where business habits are much cultivated, and Time is taken by the forelock, or, indeed, by anything else that comes handy. It is, it seems, the custom there among some of the medical fraternity to sign a patient's death-certificate before he is deceased. Of course, the doctor who is attending one ought to know—and, perhaps, has private reasons for knowing—that it is "all over" with one, but such a statement in writing is, to say the least of it, premature. To be sure, it is only in the summer season that this extreme "dispatch"—let us hope a "happy" one—is observed. The medical gentleman is going away on his holiday, and to save time and trouble, and (especially) the calling in of another practitioner, he leaves the certificates behind him, with the blank form as to the "cause of death," properly filled up, *except the date*. This, of course, anybody can put in. But fancy the feelings of the patients, if they only knew! A literary gentleman tells us that "all the stories have been told," but not this story. I have never seen it in any work of fiction, though it would make a magnificent chapter. Fashionable doctor leaving sheaves of certificates with unqualified assistant: "Mind you fill 'em in all right, with the proper dates; I should think Sir Joseph couldn't last a fortnight." With this interesting and trustworthy information about Sir J., he and the unqualified assistant might surely do a little business in a novel. This prophetic faculty has hitherto been only used by the poet—

Then the two brothers, with their murdered man,
Rode past fair Florence.

I quote from memory, but the gentlemen in question had already signed the death-certificate of their companion. "But he was not dead," the reader may say (which was exactly what the registrar at Birmingham said to the doctor). "No; but I knew he couldn't get over it," might have been the poet's reply (as it also was the doctor's). The arrangement, in fact, was not only a great convenience to him, but evidences his medical skill; for the patient did die, as per prophecy, though at a movable date. Medicine—unless it is a patent medicine—does not pretend to be "an exact science."

Mr. Swinburne's vigorous if rather impulsive lines upon the proprietor of Siberia has given occasion for a good deal of cheap morality of the transparent illumination kind. Where no law exists, or where justice—not in the opinion of any faction, but to the knowledge of the whole world—is stifled by authority, and the reign of the brute acknowledged and gloried in—as, for example, in the kingdom of Dahomey—there is certainly no more harm in so-called "tyrannicide" than in the killing of a mad dog. It is the fine word that leads the feeble mind astray. If an innocent man were threatened with torture, or his dear ones by outrage, under the misgovernment of a savage, is he to hesitate in putting a bullet into him, or destroying him by any method whatever, because he happens to be the King of Dahomey? On the contrary, he should wipe him out all the quicker for that very reason. The *Spectator*, which takes Mr. Swinburne across its knee and slaps him for his naughty language, puts the case reasonably enough when it says that a tyrant should be "treated like any other human being." It does not, however, take into account the difficulty of so "treating" him, since the law takes no cognisance of his crimes. "Who does not feel," we are asked indignantly, "that Charlotte Corday had no right to kill Marat?" Perhaps; still, one cannot help thinking it was a very good job. As for Nero—well, really, if he were lighting up his garden with flambeaux of the *Spectator's* Christian friends, relatives, and contributors, would the *Spectator* "scout as inhuman and disgraceful" any plan whatever for getting rid of him?

It is probable that Mr. Swinburne has no personal experience of tyrants (except Mrs. Grundy), and what he has written is therefore caused by sympathy; but, if poets have escaped them (chiefly by the ingenious method of writing odes in their honour), painters have not always been so fortunate. William Kay, the Fleming, was at work on the portrait of the Duke of Alva when the officers of justice (?) waited on that potentate to know what was to be done to Counts Egmont and Horn. "I order," cried the Duke, "their instant execution," and this with such a terrible voice and aspect that poor Mr. Kay (who was probably executing him in a very different fashion—all dignity and benevolence) was so upset by it that he went home sick, and died of sheer terror.

It has generally been considered in England that the stealing flowers from a grave is one of the meanest acts that a man—"a white man," as the Americans say—can commit: in Germany, no doubt, the same wholesome sentiment exists in the public mind, but occasionally, it seems, persons are actually incited (by a voice from the tomb) to commit this act of sacrilege. On a tablet in one of the Berlin cemeteries, we are told, is inscribed the invitation, "Traveller, pause a moment at this spot, and pluck a rose in remembrance of what I was." The suggestion probably emanates from a lady, since even an æsthetic gentleman would hardly compare himself with the Queen of Flowers (though it is quite possible he

may have been "plucked"); but, even so, the metaphor strikes one as a little self-conscious—"a conceit." Epitaphs are often vainglorious, and, if those written in the first person are to be ascribed to the departed, they must have had a very high opinion of themselves. "Pluck a Rose in remembrance of what I was." This system of characteristic mnemonics admits of much development on tombs. "Pluck London Pride in remembrance of what I was" would suit a good many "smart" people, nor would it be necessary to confine this pretty custom to "the classes." The peculiarities of the London rough might also be recorded: "Traveller, pause a moment at this spot; and in remembrance of what I was, pluck 'arf a brick, and 'eave it at the passing stranger."

The vanity that survives life itself, though from a religious point of view deplorable, has something sublime about it. It is seldom that we get it in perfection, except "in the wood," but now and then it flourishes in living persons to a colossal height. There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of his friend and his flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet. "Ah, perhaps you mean 'Athalie'?" "Certainly not. I mean my sixteenth canto."

This was pretty well, but nothing in the way of self-appreciation compared with Catalini. When someone ventured adversely to criticise her singing, she denounced him as an impious and abandoned wretch: "For when Providence has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle; it is a sin to depreciate a gift from Heaven!"

Catalini had reason for the faith that was in her, but Perrier, who was a very indifferent poet (though he won the Academy prize two years running), had quite as great confidence in his own powers. Catching Boileau one day in church, he insisted upon repeating to him, throughout the elevation of the Host, an ode of his own composition, and "asking his opinion whether it was not in the manner of Malherbe!"

Two gentlemen and a lady have been very hardly dealt with for an offence of very common occurrence, so far as principle is concerned, though it must be confessed they committed grave errors as to detail. They fractured the skull of a musician employed in so serious a manner that he died of it. On the other hand, the provocation was excessive. He had refused them a free pass. This, in the case of all musical and dramatic performances, is what everyone expects, and the denial awakens a natural indignation. The theatrical manager in England, like the English author in the United States, is supposed to live on applause. It would astonish a doctor to ask him for his advice gratis; it would astonish a lawyer—no, nothing astonishes a lawyer—but if you were to ask him for gratuitous assistance he would say something distinctly rude, and, if there was no witness, libellous; even the literary person expects to be paid for his work, though he is very often disappointed. But music and the drama are supposed to be free to all, and especially to those who have plenty of money. Dives makes no bones of asking for an opera-box, and much prefers that way to buying the bone that makes it his. Bullion the banker thinks it very hard treatment if he has to treat his family to the theatre. "If you have some stalls to spare on Wednesday or Thursday," he writes, "you will oblige me," &c. And yet he never writes to the railway station-master to say, "If your trains are not full, perhaps you will place a saloon-carriage at our disposal some day this week." I don't know why it should be so, but it certainly is so; and that one of her Majesty's Judges should have given two gentlemen seven years' penal servitude, and a lady five, for the indulgence of a natural irritation at finding themselves denied so ordinary and reasonable a request, has shocked the public mind. The Press, indeed, is silent; but that, no doubt, is from motives of delicacy.

Every week somebody or other resorts to the knife, or poison, or the rope, because his "beloved object" will not marry him, or prefers another. This, although very unreasonable, is intelligible: it is caused by an excess of what we all possess, by an overpowering egotism, which its victim believes to be devotion to another. But why two persons of what has been well called "years of indiscretion" should kill themselves or one another, because there are "obstacles" to their marriage, is absolutely inexplicable. They do it—different couples, that is, of course—every month. In France they suffocate themselves with charcoal; in England, where there is no such horror of water, they drown themselves together. Why do they do it? If the object of their existence is to marry, why don't they marry? It is curious that the gentlemen who plume themselves upon the discovery of human motives have never offered any explanation of this phenomenon. It can hardly be prudence; we cannot say that these couples are apprehensive of the consequences, for it is evident that they fear nothing except separation—which is the very thing they risk. It may be said that we must not look for logic in a double suicide, but these unhappy persons are not mad. Whatever may be the obstacles to their union—supposing them to be unmarried—they are not insurmountable. It may not be a bright look-out. They may not possess (though this is by no means always the case) the means of livelihood beyond six months ahead; but, even supposing that nothing turned up in the meantime, it would be time enough then to make (as a witness of one of these miserable catastrophes quaintly terms it) "a hole in the water." To live is often difficult, but we can die at any time. The common-sense of the matter seems so obvious. A psychological friend of mine ascribes the amazing conduct of these unhappy persons to the utter absence of hope: they

are born despondent, he thinks, "speculators for the fall" in everything. When we consider, however, how very sanguine human nature is; how eager the majority of young persons are to marry on nothing at all (or what is next to nothing—the problematical assistance of their friends), this ascribes to the parties in question a most exceptional character. And where the wonder lies is that there are two of them. We have never read of three persons committing suicide, unless (as in the recent case of the exiles in Siberia) under pressure of impending calamity; whereas, with these rash pairs, there is no calamity save that of their own making. Their act is a riddle which nobody has guessed.

There was a story told a few years ago of an English traveller who met a fellow-countryman abroad upon his honeymoon, but (what is certainly unusual, without his wife. He explained that his means were limited, and, though equal to defraying the expenses of one person during a fortnight's holiday, did not admit of a double charge; his expression was that "they didn't run to it." The traveller suggested that the bridegroom might have brought the lady for a week, to which it was replied that that idea had already been considered, but upon the whole it had been decided that it was better for one to get a complete change, and thoroughly enjoy himself, than for both to have too brief a holiday. "Honeymoons, however you take 'em," said the bridegroom (who was not very young, and had taken several), "are always dented dear." A young gentleman at Vienna has, however, discovered a method of greatly mitigating their expense. He has fitted up a furniture van, and taken his wife in it for their marriage tour. The price of it, including the driver and three horses, is but sixteen guineas for the month. They encamp like gipsies, and take everything they want with them. If the van is like the "trifles from the Pantechnicon" we see in London, there will be plenty of room. The pair, however, are lovers of the picturesque, and this taste will hardly be gratified unless they sit on the roof of the vehicle; moreover, I should fear that in out-of-the-way parts of the country they will be supposed to be a menagerie, and run some risk of a popular ovation.

THE COURT.

The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty on Aug. 13, to take leave on his departure for Homburg. Princess Louise visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove to Ryde, where her Royal Highness opened a bazaar in aid of the funds of the parish church. Louise Marchioness of Waterford arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 14th the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales visited the Queen. Lieutenant the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen held a Council on the 15th, when the Earl of Jersey kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of New South Wales, in succession to Lord Carrington, and was invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, British Minister at Athens, had an audience of her Majesty. The Marquis de la Casa Yglesia, the new Spanish Ambassador, was introduced to her Majesty by Viscount Cranbrook. The Empress Eugénie arrived on the 16th at Osborne on a visit to the Queen, having been conveyed from Southampton in the Royal yacht Alberta to Cowes, where her Majesty was met by Princess Beatrice, who accompanied her to Osborne House. The Queen's dinner-party in the evening included the Empress Eugénie, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lady Southampton, Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, Madame D'Arcos, the Marquis de Bassano, Earl Cadogan, the Dean of Windsor, and Major Bigge. The band of the 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade played a selection of music, under the direction of Mr. W. Quinn. The Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 17th, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales dined with the Queen in the evening. The Empress Eugénie took leave of the Queen on the 19th, and left for Farnborough. The Hon. Maurice Charles Andrew Drummond, third son of Viscount Strathallan, has been appointed Page of Honour to her Majesty, vice the Hon. Eric Richard Thesiger, resigned.

The Prince of Wales left London on Aug. 14 for Homburg. His Royal Highness crossed the Straits by special boat. He will reside at the Villa Impériale during his visit to Homburg. The Princess of Wales remains a little longer on the Royal yacht Osborne, at Cowes, and on leaving the Solent will return to Marlborough House. The Austrian Ambassador and Countess Deym, who are staying at Rylstone, Shanklin, were on the 16th visited by the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present on the 18th at the performance of "A Pair of Spectacles," at the Garrick Theatre.

Princess Christian, with her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, on the 18th, for the Continent. Prince Christian, who left England on the 14th, has gone to Kissingen, while the Princess and her daughters have gone to Eppstein, in the Taunus.

The Colonial officials of Malta have presented Count Strickland della Catena with a complete toilet service in silver, as a wedding gift on the occasion of his approaching marriage with Lady Edeline Sackville, daughter of the Earl and Countess de La Warr.

The Queen is to be Patron of the great Naval Exhibition, the Prince of Wales will be President, and the Duke of Edinburgh one of the Vice-Presidents. Her Majesty is taking a warm interest in the preparations, and has promised to lend any objects in her possession connected with the Navy which may be suitable for exhibition. These facts were stated at the first meeting of the Council of the Exhibition, the First Lord of the Admiralty presiding. Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart was unanimously requested to act as Chairman, and Admiral Sir William McDowell as Vice-Chairman, of the Executive Committee, Captain Jephson as Hon. Secretary, and Mr. Forwood as Hon. Treasurer. Sub-committees were appointed to collect paintings and manuscripts of historic naval interest, and to arrange models showing the progress of naval marine architecture and engineering. It was reported that already guarantees to the extent of nearly £25,000 had been promised.

THREE BORDER POETESSES.

There are some people who think there were no good Scotch songs until Burns lived and wrote. As a matter of fact, however, Burns himself, as he was the first to admit, would not have produced anything like the rich and unsurpassed fruitage he did produce had it not been for the store of excellent lyrics, notably Border songs, which existed before his day. Probably there was nothing very fine about these early productions, looking at them from a literary point of view; but they touched the hearts of successive generations, and have been handed on by the people to touch the hearts of perhaps many more. There is some uncertainty about the exact date of the oldest Border lyrics; but from the period of the Revolution, and more markedly from the date of the Union, men and women of the higher educated classes were, for the first time—at least after a long interval—drawn to popular song. It is to them, and to those succeeding them, that we owe most of the present Border and other of the less modern lyrics. These writers drew their inspiration from human nature as exemplified in the lads and lasses of the Borders. There is about them none of the false sentimentality of Allan Ramsay. They are the representatives of a time when the laird and the lady came more into contact and sympathy with the humble cottars round about them than their successors do now, and when the two classes had not ceased to be helpful to each other by many kindly deeds and thoughtful actions.

It was this contact and sympathy with the peasant people which enabled Miss Elliot of Minto, Miss Rutherford of Fairnielee, and Lady Grisell Baillie to sing those strains which ever since have lived in Scottish hearts in every corner of the globe. These ladies sprang from three of the oldest families of the Borders, and their names come down to us each linked to and immortalised by a single song. It was the "owreword" (as Principal Shairp has it), or refrain, of an old lament for the foresters who fell at Flodden that Miss Elliot caught up and wove into the oldest of the two sets of "The Flowers of the Forest," which we now have—a song so beautifully pathetic as almost to make up for the original dirge, hopelessly lost in our day, perhaps lost even in hers:—

I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before dawn of day.
Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The "forest," we should say, was the name given to a district which comprehended Selkirkshire and portions of Peebleshire and Clydesdale. This district was noted for its fine archers, who were almost to a man slain at Flodden in 1513; hence the burden, "The flowers of the forest are a' wede away." Miss Elliot published her version of the old ballad anonymously about 1750. The close and happy imitation of ancient manners which she had succeeded in introducing into it led to its being set down by many as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. Burns, however, was not deceived by it. "This fine ballad," said he, "is even a more palpable imitation than 'Hardiknute.' The manners are, indeed, old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered." The prediction was by-and-by fulfilled, and Jane Elliot stood revealed as the author of one of the most touching ballads the Scottish people can claim as their own. The whole comes, as Allan Cunningham has somewhere said, like a cry on our ears from the survivors of Flodden field; and, when it is sung, we owe little to the imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the forest, and hear the ancient wail of the maids and matrons.

But Miss Elliot's version of "The Flowers of the Forest" is not the one which has won the most extended popularity. The words of Miss Alison Rutherford have, indeed, almost entirely taken the place of the earlier rendering, perhaps because, while having the Scotch sentiment, they have none of the obsolete Scotch words introduced by Miss Elliot:—

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far away.

Miss Rutherford's verses are throughout of great beauty—tender and highly poetical. They sang themselves through her heart, no doubt, while she lived at, or when in after-life she recalled, the old enlarged peel of Fairnielee, "the home, so blithe and beautiful, in which she was born and passed her childhood, from which she must so often have gazed over the Tweed and the woods of Yair up into the bosom of the Forest hills." That now forsaken mansion, as Shairp describes it to us—not yet roofless, but soon to be so, standing on the brae-side among disappearing terraces, holly hedges run to waste, trees few and forlorn with decay, hearing now no music but the Tweed far below, or the owl's cry, or the wind sighing through its cobwebbed rooms—what an affecting commentary on the song first sung there!—

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.

Lady Grisell Baillie was of an earlier day than the poetesses of "the Forest." She was the eldest of eighteen children born to Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, a staunch Presbyterian, and—pace, Macaulay!—a true patriot and friend of freedom. Sir Patrick was a member of the Scottish Parliament in the reign of Charles II., and more than once suffered imprisonment for his free speech. Along with one or two others, he entered into negotiations with the English Whigs to prevent a Popish succession—a cause for which one of his friends, Robert Baillie, ultimately lost his life. Baillie's imprisonment caused Sir Patrick to look to his own safety, and he sought a hiding in the family burial vault, underneath the parish church of Polwarth. In that unsavoury retreat he passed many weeks of the autumn of 1684, with no attendant but his daughter Grisell, then only twelve years old. Every night she made her way from the family home to her father's hiding-place, taking him a supply of food saved from her own meals, and bearing such news as she had been able to gather throughout the day. During this time Sir Patrick wished to send a letter to his friend Baillie in his cell, and to receive an answer from him. Grisell was, of course, the messenger, and it was in the course of this visit to the Tolbooth Prison that she is said to have met for the first time George Baillie, the son, whom she afterwards married.

Grisell Baillie's poetic fame rests entirely upon the song "Werena my heart licht I wad dee." It is the lament of a maiden who has been separated from her lover by the malice and deceit of his relations, and exhibits a wonderful mingling of love, pity, contempt, and resignation. Burns was very fond of the song, and applied it to himself in a somewhat melancholy way a short time before his death. A friend, riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening to attend a county dance, saw the poet walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the opposite side was gay with groups of ladies and gentlemen drawn together for the festivities of the night. The horseman dismounted, and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said: "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now," and

quoted, after a pause, the following lines of Lady Baillie's pathetic ballad:—

His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

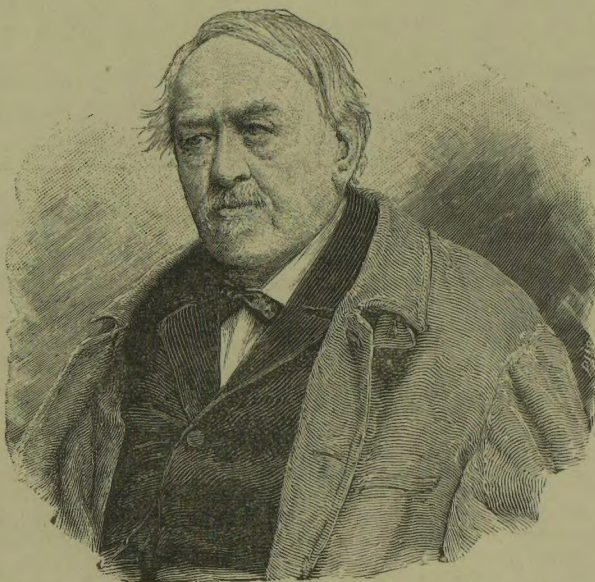
O were we but young, as we ance have been,
We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it owre the illy-white lea—
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Lady Baillie's married life proved a bright and happy one of well-nigh fifty years' duration. The husband died in 1738, Lady Grisell following him in 1746. Her age at death was eighty-one, but the years do not seem to have lessened her energy of character, nor dimmed the brilliance of her complexion, which retained to her last days the freshness of girlhood.

J. C. H.

THE LATE EDWARD VON BAUERNFELD.

A German lyrical and dramatic poet, whose minor compositions long enjoyed at Vienna the same kind of popularity that Béranger gained in Paris, and who also produced comedies of a higher class, and plays of serious purpose, for the Court Theatre, has died in his eighty-ninth year. He was a clerk in the State Lottery Office, and it was not till 1851 that he devoted himself entirely to literary authorship; but in early life he was a friend of the musical composer Franz Schubert, and wrote the libretto of the latter's opera "Count Von Gleichen." Among his best-known dramatic works are "Deutscher Krieger," "Der Neue Mensch," "Der Kategorische Imperativ," and "Moderne Jugend." Bauernfeld died leaving



THE LATE EDWARD VON BAUERNFELD,
VIENNESE POET.

no relations, distant or near; his funeral has been performed at the expense of the city of Vienna, and the tomb will stand in that part of the Central Cemetery reserved for the illustrious dead of Austria, and where Beethoven and Schubert are laid.

The Dowager Lady Howard de Walden has contributed £1000 towards a fund for building a Hall of Horticulture on the Thames Embankment.

At Southsea the Queen's Cup for the Royal Albert Yacht Club was sailed for on Aug. 18, and won by Captain Nottage's Deerhound, Mr. W. Clarke's Castanet taking the second prize.

The European Immigration Board of Natal has authorised the Government Agent in London, Mr. Walter Peace, of Finsbury-circus, to grant assisted passages to artisans and domestic servants without the nomination hitherto required on the part of friends resident in the colony.

A Parliamentary return has been issued showing, at the close of each financial year from 1835-36 to 1889-90 inclusive, the aggregate gross liabilities of the State. In the former year they were £845,489,577, and gradually decreased until 1854, when they stood at £789,511,392. They then gradually rose to £826,696,661 in 1857. There was a speedy decrease after this, the debt being reduced by £21,000,000 between 1868 and 1874, by £22,000,000 between 1874 and 1880, and by £26,000,000 between 1880 and 1886, since when it has decreased by £28,500,000, standing now at £684,954,150.

Holy Trinity, the garrison church of Windsor, was, on Aug. 18, the scene of a very interesting wedding by license, the contracting parties being Owen Smith, of Reading, and Ellen Lee, of Brighton, both gipsies. The Rev. Arthur Robins, Chaplain to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, officiated, and the ceremony attracted a number of spectators. The bride's costume was a terra-cotta gown tied with a broad satin sash, and she wore a wreath of orange-blossoms with a white tulle veil, and carried a handsome bouquet. The bridesmaids' costumes were similar to that of the bride with the exception of the headdress, which consisted of large straw hats trimmed with white ostrich feathers and ribbons. The bridal party went to church in a close carriage, the company following in procession in other vehicles. The wedding breakfast was given at the Queen's Head Inn.

An estimate of the harvest is given by the *Mark Lane Express*, which publishes a summary of replies it has received from more than four hundred correspondents, scattered over the United Kingdom, who were invited to send in returns as to the various crops in their districts. These returns "show that wheat is 3·1 per cent. under an average, barley 0·8 per cent. over an average, oats 2·7 per cent. over an average, potatoes 0·1 per cent. over an average, beans 2·5 per cent. over, peas 1·8 per cent. under, roots 3·6 per cent. under, and hay 18·9 per cent. under. In the case of two of these crops, however, the figures do not tell the whole story. In the case of potatoes, the great bulk of the correspondents speak of them as diseased—a larger number, in fact, than has been the case in any year since these returns were started. In the case of hay, also, although the figures show the crop to have been about four fifths of an average one, it is very evident that much of this is damaged. More than half of the entire number of correspondents refer to this fact. With these facts in mind, however, it is still evident that, although the year is not fulfilling its high promise, the crops all round are fairly within what may be called 'the average zone'—i.e., if there is no wonderful abundance, there is, on the other hand, no story of great disaster."

WEATHER OR NO.

I am by no means in accord with those very wise persons who heap scorn on such of their fellow-creatures as take a lively interest in the weather, and ridicule the extent to which it operates as an ordinary and familiar subject of conversation. Indeed, I incline to contend that it is the duty of every right-minded Englishman to institute a close examination of the firmament (or as much as he can see of it), the moment he has completed his morning ablutions; to tap his barometer, and adjust the register backwards or forwards (it is generally backwards) as circumstances may require, and to peruse the "forecast" in his daily paper—always with the understanding that, like a dream, it is to be interpreted, as the children say, "quite contrary." The weather—that is, British weather—is something to be considered gravely, studied closely, and watched vigilantly; for age cannot wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety.

Let us touch upon it briefly—as the parsons say, when they enter on their longest "head"—from a psychological point of view. Jones goes forth, let us suppose, to the duties of the day in the properest frame of mind imaginable. He has a pleasant "good-bye" for his wife, promising her a new bonnet (or what, nowadays, passes for one), blesses his children, and tips them with pence—to be invested in the nearest automatic; thinks of doubling his subscription to his favourite charity; resolves to give that poor devil Brown another three months to pay up; and lightly trips down the street, humming an air from the latest Savoy opera. You meet him as he springs along, and he grasps your hand effusively with a hearty "How are you, old fellow? What a glorious day!" And so it is: the air is fresh and sunny, the sky is blue with the warm-toned azure of summer, birds sing merrily; all Nature is alive with gaiety. But to-morrow! Is it—can it be—the same Jones? A sharp speech for Mrs. Jones; snubs for the little Joneses; wrath against the impecunious Brown; a heavy tramping step, and a few bars from the Dead March in "Saul." You come across him as he stalks on his gloomy way; cold fingers reluctantly extended, with a growl—"Oh—it's you, Smith! What beastly weather!" And so it is: the wind blows harsh and chill; the sky is heavy with dull masses of vapour, which drift upwards from the east; all is sombre and forbidding—like the brow of the unhappy Jones. Surely the atmospheric conditions which thus disturb the moral economy of a blameless citizen are fit theme for general discussion?

A spell of east wind, as we know, carries with it a pestilential contagion. While it rages, husbands quarrel with their wives; mothers maltreat their offspring; brothers brawl with brothers; and Araminta jilts Strephon. It stirs up the bile of the critic, incites honourable members to use extra-parliamentary language, goads curates to strange acts of rebellion, upsets the equilibrium of professors, exacerbates the larynx of prima-donnas and popular tenors, and encourages the growth of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Mr. Kingsley, in a moment of poetical aberration, credited the grey north-easter with breeding the race of hardy Englishmen. As well say that November fogs breed June roses!

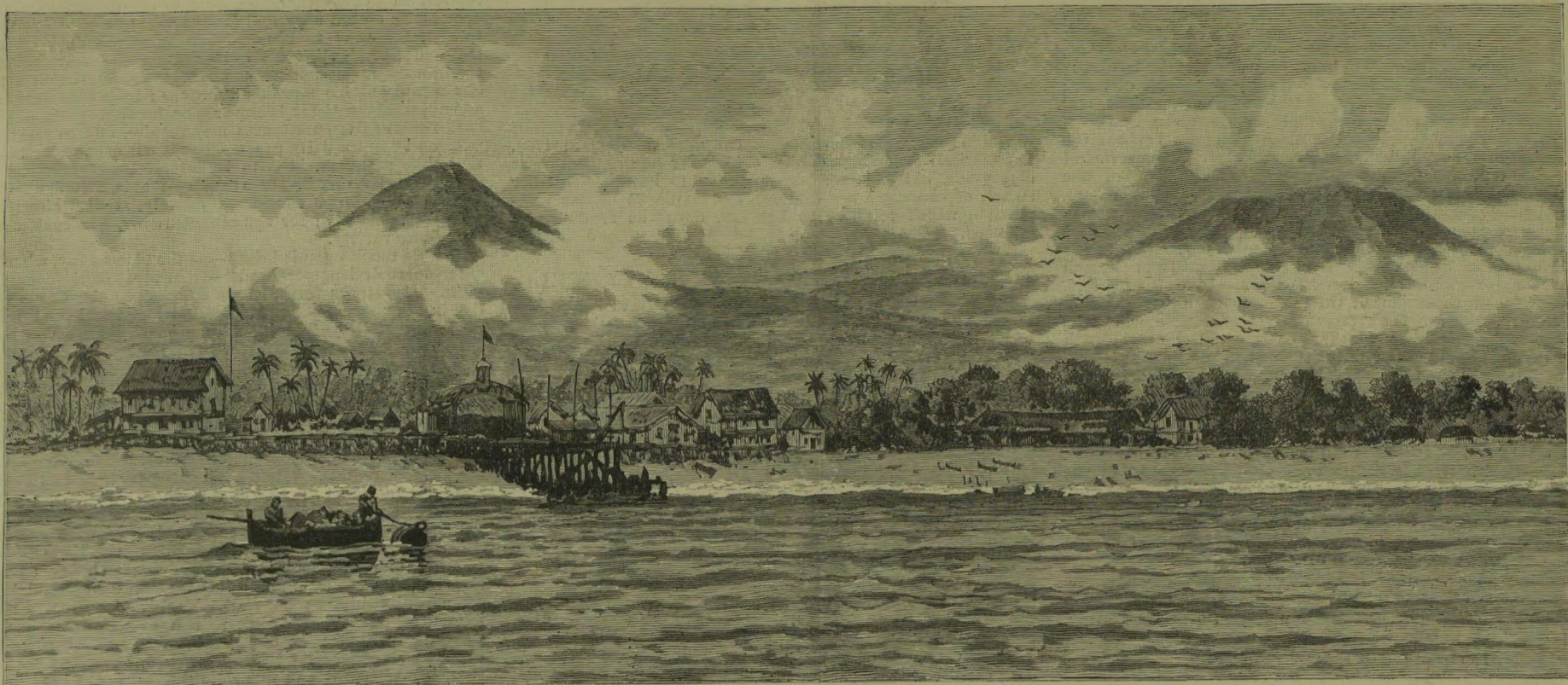
Again, from an historical point of view, the weather is a subject for consideration. We know, on good authority, that eclipses, "with fear of change," have perplexed the nations; and as much may be asserted of hurricanes, simooms, tornadoes, cyclones. In Mr. Joseph Addison's poem of "The Campaign" you will find apt allusion to a great storm, which turned Britannia "pale"; yes, even Britannia, the undaunted mother of empires! A tempest of thunder and lightning frightened a Roman Emperor into toleration of the new religion. The snow-drifts of a Russian winter buried beneath them the ambitious hopes of the First Napoleon. Battles (and cricket-matches) have been lost through the intervention of Jupiter Pluvius. A downpour of rain on the night before Crecy, by wetting the bowstrings of the French King's archers, helped our English bowmen to win the victory. A street riot before now has been damped out by a shower, and a rebellion has taken flight before a storm of hail.

Yet again, the mutability of our British weather, like our British Constitution (or what is left of it), is something to thank Heaven for; it provides both the classes and the masses with a bond of sympathy. The lion and the lamb may lie down together, with a weather-chart between them. Those who (metaphorically speaking) would fly at each other's throats in a political contention will agree in their deep disgust at a London fog. Squire, farmer, and labourer will shake hands under the infliction of three days' rain. I have known a Low Church vicar and a High Church curate, after rising to boiling-point on the question of lighted candles, cool down to mean temperature in an amicable condemnation of the weather. Surely it is a great boon for a disputatious race like ours to have, as it were, a common platform (outside Hyde Park) on which all can meet in concord; a topic on which all can speak with something like a consensus of opinion.

Lastly, look at its importance to our poets, novelists, and descriptive writers, some of whom almost live upon "atmospheric effects." Even our greatest masters have not disdained to make use of them; and, in truth, if we blotted from their canvas all the winter clouds and summer sunshine, all the May mornings and August twilights, we should stand agast at the great blank spaces that would result! It is astonishing how readily our fictionists take to the literature of the barometer; how they delight in "word pictures"—three pages each to a sunrise or a sunset; and a couple, at least, to a scene by moonlight! They cannot send their heroes or heroines out of doors without a minute account of existing atmospheric conditions, which—observe, more fortunate than their fellows—they can regulate at pleasure. As on board ship the captain cries "Make it eight bells," and "eight bells" it is (*vide* Marryat, Chamier, Cooper, and Co.), so the novelist says to himself, "Lay on a glorious fine day"—and a glorious fine day is laid on! On the stage, when the thunder rolls in the flies and the lightning flashes from the wings, the audience know that some deed of villainy is to be committed. In like manner, the novelist gets up a storm as a fitting accompaniment to his hero's naughty actions. Or if Edwin, after three volumes of mishaps, marries Angelina, he invents "a sunny morning." Or, if a bit of a tiff between Alexis and Chloe ends in a reconciliation, you are treated to "the hush of a calm evening in June." Well, then, such being the importance of the weather—from so many points of view—I am persuaded that no sensible Briton will discard it as a subject of constant inquiry and discourse. To the question "Weather or No?" he will answer in the affirmative.

W. H. D.-A.

The annual swimming and diving matches in connection with the Eton and Windsor Royal Humane Society were held in agreeable weather, on Aug. 18, upon the Thames at Athens, as the Etonian bathing-place is designated. The competitors were boys educated at the various public schools in Windsor and Eton, and there was also a three-hundred yards men's swimming race. The sports were witnessed by a large number of spectators.



THE PORT OF SAN JOSÉ DE GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The war that has lately broken out among the Spanish Republics of Central America, in which the State of San Salvador, governed by President Ezeta, is opposed to its western and northern neighbours, Guatemala and Honduras, apparently involving the other States eastward and southward, excites some public attention. San Salvador, on the Pacific Ocean coast, is by far the smallest in extent of territory, but has a population of half a million; while Guatemala, one of the largest, has a million and a half people, occupying the whole breadth of Central America, adjacent to Mexico and to British Honduras, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The other Republics—Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica—occupy the remaining territories as far down as the Isthmus, which belongs to the South American Republic of Columbia, and which includes the projected Ship Canal of Panama.

Guatemala, after the revolt of these colonies against Spain in 1821, was the head of a Confederation, which was broken up in 1839 by the action of San Salvador. It made some considerable progress under the rule of General Barrios from 1871, but he failed in the attempt to restore the supremacy of

Guatemala over the other Central American States. The trade is chiefly in the hands of English and German merchants.

Our Views of the seaport town, called San José de Guatemala, on the Pacific Ocean coast, and of the capital city, the town of Guatemala, which is in the interior, connected with the port by a railway about seventy miles in length, are furnished by sketches with which we are favoured by Captain H. Rose, R.N., who was in command of H.M.S. *Triumph*, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour's squadron in 1887, in the Pacific Ocean. The port of San José is no harbour for ships, and the surf breaks heavily ashore, making it dangerous to land by boat; a substantial pier, however, is constructed to beyond the surf, and goods and passengers are hoisted from the cargo-boats, which are large and stoutly built, with the aid of a strong derrick. The Custom House and railway station are on the pier, or close to it.

The scenery inland, along the railway, is enchanting to view, showing the bountiful richness of the soil, as the line, skirting round the shoulder of Mount Agua, passes through a magnificently fertile country. Estancias, or farms, are dotted

here and there along the line, surrounded by maize or sugar fields; on lands higher up are extensive coffee plantations. Captain Rose's sketch of the city was taken from an eminence called the Cerro del Carmen, where the ruins of an old monastery still exist. The noble volcanic mountain of Agua rises about south-west from this position. The city itself stands on a plateau some 4000 ft. above the level of the sea. The older city of Antigua was formerly the capital of Guatemala; but, owing to repeated earthquakes, which partly demolished it, the seat of government was changed to the present capital. Antigua, which lies at the foot of Mount Agua, is a pretty picturesque town; and the market-place is a gay scene when filled with the bright-coloured dresses of the Indians, who flock in here, as at Guatemala, from the Savannas, to sell their goods. Other towns worthy of note are Escuintla, a fashionable watering-place on the railway line; Quezaltenango, and Amatitlan, besides Coban, the capital of the northern province. This country, in its remoter and more sequestered districts, contains wonderful architectural remains of the ancient native kingdom overthrown by the Spanish conquest.



THE CITY OF GUATEMALA.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN H. ROSE, R.N.



THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN: LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Good-bye to the Session—'tis over! Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker have given the last farewell shake-hands to tired legislators; and we are free till November, in which cheerless, foggy month of autumn the next Session is to begin. Of all Ministers, Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen must be most in need of rest and change; and it is to be hoped fine weather will favour the First Lord of the Treasury during his stay with Lord Salisbury at La Bourboule, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer during his sojourn in the exhilarating Engadine. At Hawarden Castle, where Mr. Gladstone is girding up his loins for another Midlothian campaign, there was a sympathetic scene on the Sixteenth of August. A large party of deaf mutes from Manchester made an excursion to the park, and elicited the compassion of Mr. Gladstone and of Mrs. Gladstone, who addressed them in the finger alphabet, "We are so glad to see you: God bless you!" and then distributed bouquets freshly gathered from the gardens among the delighted visitors.

On the last day of the Session Mr. Jackson gave notice of a hopeful motion, the adoption of which in November will, it is to be hoped, considerably curtail the scandalous waste of public time in the fruitless prolongation of the debate on the Address. The clear-headed and clear-voiced Financial Secretary to the Treasury intimated that Mr. Smith will propose "a shorter Address in answer to her Majesty's gracious Speech, in the hope that the simple expression of thanks by Parliament for the Speech may tend greatly to shorten the debate." The transaction of public business would be much facilitated if some other red-tape and useless customs of the House were abolished—such as the putting of a host of trivial, and many preposterous, questions to Ministers daily. It may also be suggested once again that so vastly important a subject as the Indian Budget ought to be brought before the House early in the Session instead of almost at the last moment.

The late introduction of the Indian Budget by Sir John Gorst on the Fourteenth of August could have been satisfactory neither to the House nor to himself. True, the Under-Secretary for India plumed himself upon being in a position to announce a surplus of Rs. 2,677,000, and that eminent authority on Indian administration, Sir Richard Temple, approved the financial statement; but Sir John Gorst himself would be the first to admit that his glib recital of facts and figures was not a commensurate exposition of the present condition of India. The statesmanlike speeches of Mr. Bright upon India could not but be recalled while Sir J. Gorst was repeating his arithmetical lesson. Though Mr. Bradlaugh was declared out of order in moving a resolution condemning the tardy "presentation of the accounts and papers relating to the revenues of India," thoughtful observers could not fail to agree with the junior member for Northampton on this point, at least. Of both Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere it may be said that they have, by their assiduous attendance to their Parliamentary duties, strengthened their positions in the House.

The good-humoured smile which usually lights up the chubby face of the Lord Chancellor disarms any critic who might possibly feel inclined to poke fun at the Royal Commissioners, who, magnificently attired in their scarlet robes, and wearing their formidable hats of State, foregather on the woolsack in front of the throne in the House of Lords to perform the closing act of the Session in face of the Speaker and attendant members grouped at the bar. The Royal Commissioners on Monday, the Eighteenth of August, were Baron Halsbury, the Marquis of Lathom, the Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain), the Earl of Limerick, and Lord Knutsford. And it was with accustomed distinctness that the Lord Chancellor read—

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with all foreign Powers continue to be of a pacific and friendly character.

My attention has been called to the inconveniences which might arise from the possible conflict of territorial claims in the newly occupied regions of Africa. I have therefore entered into negotiations with the Powers principally concerned for the purpose of marking out the boundaries within which the action of the respective Governments is to be confined. The arrangement with Germany, which closes the most difficult of these questions, has been completed and laid before you; and, in order to give effect to it, you have sanctioned by a special Statute the cession of the island of Heligoland.

An arrangement has also been entered into with France, separating the territory adjacent to the southern frontier of Algeria from the territory which is under the influence of the Royal Niger Company. An agreement for the delimitation of other territories in Africa is under discussion with the Government of Portugal.

I have agreed with the President of the French Republic that the British Protectorate over Zanzibar and the French Protectorate over Madagascar shall be mutually recognised by the two Powers.

I have offered to the President of the United States to submit to arbitration questions of difference that have arisen between us with respect to jurisdiction in Behring's Sea.

The Conference on the Slave Trade, assembled at my suggestion by his Majesty the King of the Belgians, has brought its deliberations to a close. The Final Act has received the adhesion of all the Powers represented at the Conference, with the exception of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. The Protocols will be laid before you as soon as they are received. I earnestly hope that the resolutions to which the Conference has come may lead to results worthy of the high and benevolent purpose which has inspired them.

Controversies have arisen between my subjects in Newfoundland and the French fishermen upon that coast with respect to the true interpretation of the rights reserved to France by the Treaty of Utrecht and subsequent engagements. The adjustment of these differences is occupying the anxious attention of my Government.

I have gladly given my consent to the Act which you have passed for conferring upon the colony of Western Australia institutions similar to those which have worked with remarkable success in the other Australian colonies.

I have learnt with satisfaction that a Convention has been ratified by the Volksraad of the South African Republic which will, I trust, bring to an end the difficulties which existed in respect to Swaziland.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I thank you for the provision which you have made for the requirements of the State. It is a matter of much satisfaction to me that you have been able to make substantial progress in the task of reducing the public burdens.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I am rejoiced to observe that effective steps have been taken by you for the promotion of primary, intermediate, and technical education.

I trust that the measures which you have passed for the extensive reconstruction of barracks will secure the health and increase

the efficiency of my soldiers. I am glad that you have been able materially to improve the position of the police force, on whose valuable service increasing demands are made.

The policy you have adopted of giving uniformity and increased vigour to precautions against contagious diseases among cattle will have a salutary influence upon a very important interest.

The amendments you have made in the system of winding up companies under the Law of Limited Liability will be of advantage to commerce; and the Acts as to Allotments and with respect to Houses for the Working Classes will contribute largely to the wellbeing of the labouring portion of my people.

I commend you earnestly to the care and blessing of Almighty God.

The Lord Chancellor then formally said that Parliament was prorogued till the 25th of October; but it will not really meet until November.

EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY AND OZONE ON MILK.

It is well known that during thunderstorms milk tends to grow acid. An Italian, Professor G. Tolomei, has lately tried to throw some light on the nature of this action. He experimented with electricity on fresh milk in three different ways—first, by passing the discharge of a Holtz machine between two balls of platinum inserted nearly two inches apart in a bottle containing milk; secondly, by sending a battery current between two strips of platinum at the bottom of a U tube holding milk; and, thirdly, by subjecting milk in a test-tube to the action of a strong battery current through a silk-covered copper wire wound spirally round the tube. In each case the acidulation was delayed, not hastened. Three equal portions of milk from the same milking, thus treated, began to grow acid on the seventh, the ninth, and the sixth day respectively; while milk not treated with electricity was manifestly acid on the third day. The electrified milk (unlike milk that has been heated to a high temperature, then cooled) coagulates naturally, or by action of rennet, just like ordinary milk. Having thus seen that electricity could not be the direct cause of acidification of milk, the professor next tried the effect of ozone, and found it distinctly acidifying. In one case the surface of a quantity of milk was brought close under the two balls of a Holtz machine, and the milk soon became acid in consequence, the sooner if the discharge was silent (not explosive), in which case more ozone is formed. In another case ozonised oxygen was made to bubble up through a quantity of milk, which in a few hours was completely acid and soon coagulated spontaneously. Professor Tolomei is of opinion that oxygen probably also promotes lactic fermentation (a point which has been disputed). If milk keeps longer in wide, shallow vessels, that is probably due, he thinks, to the cooling produced by evaporation, which is favoured by a wide open surface.—*Times*.

From the annual return made to the Board of Trade, it appears that 1076 persons were killed and 4836 injured in railway accidents last year. By far the greater number of the victims were the servants of the railway companies.

The receipts on account of revenue from April 1, 1890, when there was a balance of £5,220,261, to Aug. 16, 1890, were £30,700,501, against £29,402,890 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,592,002. The net expenditure was £32,549,299, against £32,714,864 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on Aug. 16, 1890, amounted to £1,116,467, and at the same date in 1889 to £1,938,348.

Lord Jersey on Aug. 19 opened a barn which has been erected by public subscription on the Allotment Land at Charndon, Buckinghamshire. His Lordship congratulated the men of Charndon on the excellent crops standing on their land, and expressed the hope that when he returned in five years from Australia he should find that the allotments had been highly successful, and that the barn had been enlarged for the garnering of their crops.

Heavy rain was experienced on Aug. 19 over the southern parts of the Kingdom. In London, thunder and lightning occurred at an early hour. A cold north-easterly wind was blowing, and the weather was quite autumnal, not a glimpse of sunshine occurring during the day. The highest temperature reached in the southern suburbs was fifty-nine degrees, which is thirteen degrees below the average maximum for the season, and the Greenwich observations only show four instances with so low a day temperature in August during the last ten years.

With reference to our recent notice and Illustration of the Old Physic Garden at Chelsea, an esteemed correspondent has called our attention to an article in *Hygiene* for August, from which we learn that the alarm of an intended destruction of that Garden is "somewhat premature and uncalled for." The Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Apothecaries' Society do not mean to part with the Garden, which was originally leased to them, in 1673, by Mr. Charles Cheyne, and is described in Evelyn's Diary of 1685, long before Sir Hans Sloane's endowment of the estate, in perpetuity, on conditions that have been fulfilled. The Garden, which has cost £23,000 for maintenance since 1850, still contains the most complete collection of living plants, as well as a *hortus siccus*, that can be found in any part of the world. The society still provides for an annual course of Botanical Lectures, regularly given every summer, while it continues to award prizes in botany and materia medica to its students year after year.

The Advocate-General of Bengal, in addressing the High Court recently on the subject of Mohammedan oaths, in the old Supreme Court of Calcutta, said that the Moslem interpreter employed in administering oaths to witnesses made a good deal of money by means of a private understanding with the witness as to the mode of adjuring him. The form binding on the Mohammedan conscience is to make the Koran rest on his head while the oath is administered. But if the Koran is skillfully held just above the head, so as not to be in actual contact with it, the form is not valid and the oath not binding. Many witnesses were thus enabled, through the aid of the interpreter, to lie without perjury. In an insolvency case, in which a Jew sought the benefit of the Act, a well-known barrister represented an opposing creditor. His instruction had been to question the applicant in regard to certain matters in which his answers, if affirmative, would disclose valid ground for refusing the application. To the surprise of counsel, the Jew denied everything, and it seemed as if his instructions were not correct. At this juncture, it was suggested that the Jew be required to swear on the life of his son. The advocate put this unusual suggestion to the presiding Judge (Sir J. Colville), who adopted it, and the Jew was adjured accordingly. The same questions were again put to him, but this time they elicited affirmative replies, and counsel's object was accomplished.

THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The interment of the body of Cardinal Newman, on Tuesday, Aug. 19, at Rednal, eight miles from Birmingham, was attended with imposing funeral solemnities, in the presence of many Roman Catholic Bishops and other dignitaries of that Church, and of a large congregation, including his friends and former pupils, and the President of Trinity College and Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. The body had previously lain in state on Wednesday, Aug. 13, and successive days in the Chapel of the Oratory at Birmingham, dressed in the full Pontifical robes in which it was to be buried, and placed on a bier on the tribune in front of the sanctuary. The face of the deceased Cardinal, which was uncovered, was little changed by death, and had the sweet, placid look which was habitual to him in later years. On the head was placed a Bishop's mitre. The hands were gloved, and in one of them was placed the crozier, while the feet, encased in red shoes, rested upon the broad-brimmed Cardinal's hat. Four tall lighted tapers at the corners of the pall completed the simple arrangements of the lying-in-state, which is shown in our Illustration. On the Monday evening a solemn dirge was sung by the Fathers of the Oratory, assisted by the Roman Catholic clergy of the town, and next morning a solemn Pontifical requiem was celebrated by Bishop Hilsley, before the removal of the body for burial at Rednal. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice, were present at the funeral service.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Captain Smith, of the Firth of Clyde, arrived at Limerick from San Francisco, makes the following report: "Pitcairn's Island was sighted at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, April 27. The ship lay to off Adamstown. The islanders came aboard, and mail was delivered at 8.10 p.m. same day—time, 26 days 10 hours from the Golden Gate. Two boats came off to the ship with Mr. McCoy, Chief Magistrate, and seventeen others, and brought a large quantity of fruit with them for the officers and crew. There are now 126 souls on the island, an increase of nine since I called last year. The centenary anniversary of the mutineers' landing on the island was celebrated on Jan. 23, with all the display that could be mustered in the shape of fireworks and bonfires. The only relics of the Bounty and the mutineers to be found on Pitcairn's Island at the present day are several pieces of copper and one gun, which is placed in the centre of the settlement, with a flag-staff fixed in the muzzle of it. The only grave of the mutineers known to the islanders is that of Alexander Smith, *alias* John Adams; the graves of the others have been searched for in vain. This is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that this is the fourth generation in direct line from the mutineers, and that, with the exception of Adams, Young, McCoy, and Quintal, all the rest met with violent deaths. The articles mostly wanted on the island are wearing apparel, especially for the women, carpenters' tools, crockery, and groceries. Religious books were eagerly sought after, of which I left a good supply, including five volumes of *Truth* and about twenty copies of the *Signs of the Times*; also about 150 of the latest American, Australian, and English newspapers. The island was sighted from the ship at 2.30 p.m., and the ship was sighted from the island at 4.30 p.m. After it got dark all the children on the island were busy gathering dry leaves to make beacon fires to guide the ship in safety, and also as a signal that the islanders were making preparations to come off in their boats. From close observation, I am of opinion that nowhere has Queen Victoria more loyal subjects than on Pitcairn's Island."

THE TRADE OF BEYROUT.

In Beyrout, as in Damascus, trade last year was comparatively flourishing. The British Consul-General there in his last report says that the trade returns of the district for 1889 show a considerable increase, both in exports and imports, as compared with 1888 and previous years. The harvest was abundant, and, prices being favourable, the export of cereals from the Acre district doubled in value. The purchasing power of the country depends entirely upon the amount of its agricultural produce, with the single exception of silk, and, with a large increase of exports, an increase of imports was to be expected. Other causes have operated to bring about an increased total of imports. It was understood, towards the end of 1889, that the system of valuation of goods, which has hitherto obtained in the Custom-house, was about to be superseded at the commencement of this year by a tariff, and it was calculated that under the tariff the duties would be heavier than under the existing system. There was, therefore, an inclination on the part of merchants in Beyrout to purchase largely prior to the introduction of the tariff, and the consequence is that the augmentation visible in British imports is partially illusory. The wealth of the country increases but slowly, and not in proportion to the increase of population. Trade profits are small, for the influx of petty traders without capital, which began twenty years ago, still continues, although the greater part are barely able to make a living, even with the assistance of incessant bankruptcies, which are usually privately arranged, to the immense advantage of the bankrupts. These men, while gaining little for themselves, destroy the trade for the larger houses, most of which hold on in hope that the evil will bring its own remedy, and that the poorer class of natives will gradually become convinced that it is useless for them to launch forth in business, for which they have but little aptitude, and, as a rule, less capital, and which, in most cases, only just enables them to keep their heads above water, and eventually leaves them in a far worse position than when they started.

St. Clement Danes, Strand, has been busily engaged in sending young people and children to the seaside. On Aug. 9, one hundred of the poor Clare-market and Drury-lane children assembled at the church, where many of them were clothed, and, after a few kindly words and prayer by the rector, marched to London Bridge, and were dispatched to West Brighton for a fortnight's holiday. At noon of the same day fifteen flower-girls and three invalids were taken for a week to Southend by Miss Pennington, who is so deeply interested in the welfare of these young people. They were all uniformly attired in blue-striped dresses and dark straw hats trimmed with blue. On the 12th a party from the Sunday-school, numbering 300, were marshalled in the churchyard, and, preceded by their drum-and-life band, under the management of Mr. Knapp, walked in procession to Fenchurch-street, for Southend, where the little London captives spent a most enjoyable day revelling in the freedom of the seaside. Another detachment of children was collected at the church on the 16th and sent to join their friends at West Brighton, making a total of 216. The deepest gratitude is felt by the clergy of the parish to those benefactors who by their contributions have lightened the heart of many a pale-faced London child, and have sent them into the country to recruit their health and strength.

A WOODLAND REVERIE.

That we now compress within forty fevered years the energies of a life more engrossing in demands and more weighted with care than that which our grandfathers, and in an even placid way, had the span of threescore and ten to accomplish is a commonplace truism which no one tries or cares to dispute; and he who is wise in his generation will, in these days, refrain from sighing, audibly, *Tempora mutantur*, in the minor key. The indisputable fact has become as inviolable as an axiom in Euclid, and is generally accepted as such with the calmness and grace befitting true men. And yet, are we not becoming day by day more engrossed in the present? and are we not, with every round of the sun, taking more thought for the morrow? Instead of keeping the sand-glass of time in its own sacred place, to be watched betimes with faithful eye, do we not run with it ever clutched in our hand, shaking its thin, vital stream with terrible results?

Rather than time ourselves, in this frenzied race of life, to the fraction of a second—modern chronometer measurement—would it not be of infinite profit to us were we, at intervals, to have our quiet, restful hours peacefully marked by the circling shadow on the faithful face of some dear old-world sun-dial, or beaten out by the honest clock of an old ivy-mantled church-tower far away in some sequestered vale? We do our work in a mental region from which beauty and grace, music and light, are ruthlessly exiled, and where delectable days are only known as dim memories of a glory far away and vague, like the faint yet celestial shadows of some bright ante-natal realm. It is to be feared that many of us cannot free ourselves from the just reproach which Wordsworth makes the theme of one of his loftiest sonnets—

The world is too much with us : late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours.

And yet, within an hour or two's travel of the haunts of the most work-worn of us all, in seething city or smoke-wreathed town, there are charming glades and leafy dells as entrancing as ever were those trodden by Oberon and Titania amid the magic mazes of the Athenian woods.

Here is a green and shining nook, and yet almost on the margin of the highway. It looks, indeed, like a veritable fairy dell; and, were it not for the touch of human ways and the echo of the world coming from the click-clack of the drowsy old mill-wheel behind the trees yonder, it could well be painted as that picturesque, fascinating spot the Sleepy Hollow on the Catskills, which bewitched our fancy so long ago. Let us sit amid the flickering shadows in the heart of this wood, regardless of Time and Fate. Let the world hurry by with hasty foot, and welcome too, in its gaudy ways, so long as it lift not with irreverent hand the latch of Nature's sacred door which shuts us in.

The worldling may be startled for a moment with a flash of woodland glory, and the still small voice, "Consider the lilies of the field," may come into his thoughts with equal speed; but he conveniently remembers that the exhortation was given more than eighteen hundred years ago, far away on the green hills of Galilee, to a crowd of men and women and children, rustics all, who had for the study of quiet life more time than falls to his share. The meadow-sweetness of this glade is nothing to him, nor is that melodious treble which the lark shakes down from high above the screen of fir-branches overhead. Well, let him go his ways and hug his gold: his profit and loss shall be correctly put before him with final precision when Time's accounts are settled once for all.

The belt of pines on the hill-top yonder, seen at intervals against the blue sky, when the summer wind sways aside the branches of yon elm—one of a stately brotherhood; the choral song of the stream at our feet as it flows over its pebbled bed; the still pool there in the stream's course, moss-wreathed and fern-fringed; the white lily gazing from the bank, like the fabled Narcissus, on its own shadow in the liquid mirror—the loving and the beloved—till they fade in death, and flower and shadow, wooer and wooed, in each other's arms float away; the secluded sanctity of this spot, several sacred circles removed from the world's highway—all these sweet influences combined could well give this dell a place in that landscape of ineffable beauty which the kind shepherds of the Delectable Mountains showed to Bunyan's Pilgrim as he wearily journeyed with unequal, footsore pace on his way to the Celestial City.

What soul with any reverent touch of nature could dreamily recline here for one brief hour without thinking with affection and reverence of John Keats, than whom no poet ever more melodiously sang of woodland glades? We instinctively look around for his wistful, melancholy-eyed presence, and listen as if to catch the music of his voice as it finds its way to the nightingale and to human hearts for all time—

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

It is notable that Dante and all the mediæval writers, especially those belonging to Southern Europe, have no kindly word to say on behalf of forests. The great Florentine, when he had occasion to refer to woods, ever gave them an aspect repulsive, savage, terrible; and in his immortal "Divina Commedia" he cannot express his despair of soul more solemnly, in describing his imaginary position at the opening of his "Inferno," than by saying that he was lost in a wood so terrible that even to think of it was "something next door to death." The reason why these poets gave a sombre complexion to forests is not far to seek. In Southern latitudes the woods were generally high upon the hills, and far away from the habitations of man. Thus they naturally became the haunts of wild beasts, and the very ideal of eerie loneliness.

How different it is with Homer, of god-like grasp and perfect equipoise of healthy soul! He regards woodlands as spots of delightful shelter as well as sources of entrancing natural beauty. To his mind they are places of the greatest sacredness, as being haunted by the gods, and he speaks of every wood that surrounds the house of Circe as a sacred thicket or glade, perfumed with the incense of flowers and herbs, and made melodious with the songs of innumerable birds.

Our own Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare looked upon forests as unmingled blessings, and to these rich regions of Nature to which Dante would have sent only lost souls Shakspeare brought beauty and grace, laughter and delight, in the presence of a Rosalind and a Celia, an Oberon and a Titania, an Andrey and a Touchstone. In Shakspeare's England forests were next-door neighbours to prince and peasant alike. Their traditions and associations belonged as much to the successive lineage of the country's peasantry as to Norman, Plantagenet, or Tudor. Some of their oaks were old when Elizabeth was in her cradle, and others have thrived through all their leaves at the wild shouts and battle-clang of Bosworth Field. The kindly boughs of these aged trees which shelter the children as they arrange their posies of wild flowers have performed the same sweet office for

generation after generation to those who are now lying peacefully in the old churchyard. They have been the silent witnesses of many a scene in dramas of humble life, and are the faithful custodiers of more than one tender secret of the heart. Long may their boughs shelter the loyal and the good, and may they never look down on anything more unseemly than a fair maiden's blush after her lover's first kiss in the sober twilight, or listen to any sounds less soothing and sweet than evening bells and children's laughter and song!—A. L.

OBITUARY.

SIR JAMES THOMPSON MACKENZIE, BART.

Sir James Thompson Mackenzie, Bart., of Glen Muick, county Aberdeen, and Sunningdale Park, died on Aug. 12. He was son of the late Mr. George Mackenzie, of Aberdeen, by Margaret, his wife, only child of Mr. William Allan, of the same place, and was born December 27, 1818. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for the counties of Ross, Aberdeen, and Middlesex, and was created a Baronet March 21, 1890. He purchased, besides his beautiful residence of Glen Muick, the estate of Kintail, Ross-shire, an ancient property belonging to the Mackenzies, "High Chiefs of Kintail," and Sunningdale Park. He married, March 27, 1849, Mary, second daughter of Mr. Charles Du Pré Russell, Bengal Civil Service, and leaves two surviving sons—Sir Allan Russell Mackenzie, second Baronet, and Claud Longueville Mackenzie of Gyres, Transylvania, Hungary, and three daughters. The present Baronet, J.P. and D.L., some time in the Royal Horse Guards, was born March 29, 1850, and married July 2, 1874, Lucy Eleanor, eldest daughter of Mr. Duncan Davidson of Tulloch Castle, county Ross, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Mackenzie of Eilonach.



LORD JUSTICE NAIISH.

Lord Justice Naish, one of the Judges of her Majesty's Court of Appeal in Ireland, died suddenly, on Aug. 17, at Ems, in Germany. His Lordship left Dublin about a fortnight ago on a Continental tour, for the benefit of his health. Lord Justice Naish was born in 1841, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1863. He was called to the Bar in 1865, and became a Q.C. in 1880. He was law adviser to the Government of Ireland from 1880 to 1883, when he was appointed Solicitor-General, and in the same year Attorney-General. In 1885 he was for a few weeks Lord Chancellor of Ireland, going out with Mr. Gladstone's Government in July of that year. He was again Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration (February to August 1886), and had since acted as additional Judge in the Court of Appeal. He was a Privy Councillor for Ireland.

MR. GOODDEN OF UPWAY.

Mr. Henry Charles Goodden, J.P. and D.L., of Upway House, Dorset, fourth son of the late Mr. Wyndham Goodden of Over Compton, by Mary, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. John Jeane of Binford, Somerset, died on Aug. 6, in his eighty-sixth year. The family of Goodden is of long standing in the counties of Somerset and Dorset. In 1747 Mr. Robert Goodden served as High Sheriff of the latter county.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Molyneux Capel Spottiswoode, late of the Madras Staff Corps, suddenly, on July 29, in his seventy-fourth year.

Mr. Champion Edward Branfill, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Aylett Branfill of Upminster Hall, Essex, on Aug. 6, at Martyns, Upminster, aged thirty-two.

Charles Gibbon, the novelist, on Aug. 18, at his residence at Yarmouth, aged forty-eight. He had been in failing health for some time past.

Major-General George Delane, on July 31, at Gunners, Windlesham, Surrey, late of the Bengal Cavalry and Staff Corps, for many years Commandant of the Governor-General's Bodyguard, aged sixty-five.

Commander Joseph Irwin, retired officer of the Royal Navy, who received his commission as midshipman in 1806, at Wetherall, near Carlisle, at the age of ninety-nine. He had not been afloat for seventy years, and retired from the service thirty years ago with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Admiral W. A. Rombulow-Pearse, at Highcliffe, Teignmouth. He was wounded at the attack on Canton while serving as mate in the *Modeste*; was present at the capture of the *Amoy* and *Shanghai* in 1841; and was Senior Lieutenant of the *Ajax* during the Baltic Expedition. He attained the rank of Lieutenant in 1838, Commander in 1853, Captain in 1862, and was placed on the retired list in 1872, becoming Rear-Admiral in 1878, and Vice-Admiral in 1884.

Vice-Admiral Benjamin S. Pickard, aged sixty-eight years, at Blessington-road, Lee, Kent. The deceased officer was a midshipman of the *Wanderer* at the capture of slave barracks in 1841, and Lieutenant of the *Melampus* at the blockading of Buenos Ayres and in operations in the River Plate. He became Lieutenant in 1843, Commander in 1858, Captain in 1863, and retired in 1875, attaining the rank of Rear and Vice-Admiral in 1879 and 1885.

Mrs. Sarah Bridgetta Dorothea Finnis, recently, in Portland-place. She was the widow of Col. John Finnis, commanding 11th Bengal Native Infantry, who was the first victim of the Indian Mutiny, being killed at the head of his regiment, at Meerut, May 10, 1857. Col. Finnis's brother, the late Alderman Thomas Quested Finnis, was at the time Lord Mayor of London, and he opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers by the Mutiny.

Major-General Buchanan, C.B., commanding the Eastern District, has been granted a distinguished-service pension of one hundred pounds per annum.

The potato disease is spreading in South Down. Reports from all parts of the county of Armagh state that the crop is seriously damaged by the blight. In the mountainous districts the crop has been completely destroyed.

A practical step towards utilising the armies of the native States of India has just been taken in Mysore, the most important Hindoo State of Southern India. After due consideration, the original loyal offer of the Maharajah to place a large mixed force at our disposal for Imperial defence has been dropped, so far as the infantry is concerned, and, instead, the Maharajah will keep ready for war service two regiments, of 600 sabres each, of Silladar cavalry. The cavalry of Mysore is described as far above the average in the native States. In the first place, the men themselves are of excellent material, being the descendants of the fighting men of Hyder Ali and Tippee; and, in the second place, although not officered by Europeans, they have long been under the supervision of British officers. Thirdly, they are admirably mounted, their horses being described as superior to any of the Bengal regiments, which are the best in our own native army. They have frequently been brigaded with English regiments at Bangalore.

A PILGRIMAGE TO HAWKSHEAD.

A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.—WORDSWORTH.

It is surprising how few of the thousands who annually visit the Lake Country ever go to Hawkshead. The poet Gray, in 1769, travelled near, and wrote: "All further access is here barred to ordinary mortals; only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to dalesmen. . . . I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglass and the other to Hawkshead." But then the entrance to Borrowdale so frightened this poet that he used Dante's words: "Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on"; and he sinned in good company, for was not Goldsmith equally foolish in his poetry on the Alps? To-day Hawkshead may be approached with ease either from Windermere, by way of Clappersgate, or from Coniston, over High Cross. It is what Jean Paul would have called a "mountain island," with its own "little patch of sky and little lot of stars." Esthwaite Water lies alongside, refusing, like Thirlmere, to unveil her beauties to patrons of the coach road. The surrounding hills remind one more of Surrey than of Lakeland. In spite of "modern improvements," the little market town retains much of its primitive quaint character. One cannot but agree with Professor Knight that it is easier to realise the boy Wordsworth at Hawkshead as it is now than to imagine the man Wordsworth at Dove Cottage or Rydal as they are now. For it was at Hawkshead that the fair-seed time of the poet's soul was profitably spent, and the spot will ever be sacred to the memory of "him that uttered nothing base." Wordsworth was sent when nine years old to Hawkshead Grammar School, founded in 1585 by Archbishop Sandys. This prelate was a native of the district, and his parents were buried in the church on the hill, a little building whither the wise visitor will at once wend his way. The inscriptions celebrating their virtues are interesting, and the church, "for duration built," is characteristic of the country. Under the shadow of the church is the Free Grammar School, a two-storeyed building, remaining now as in the time of the four Wordsworth brothers, except for a red-sandstone doortop, supporting the old sundial and "advertisement," recently "restored." Inside the house one can see a desk with glass let in, to protect "W. Wordsworth," out, it is supposed, by the poet himself. The rafters of the largest room have been decorated with texts from Wordsworth's works—the suggestion of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, the poetic Vicar of Crosthwaite. These texts are: "The child is father of the man," and "I could wish my days to be bound each to each by natural piety"; "Books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good"; "Small service is true service, while it lasts"; and "We live by admiration, hope, and love." It was the custom at this school for the boys on leaving to present some book to the library. Wordsworth and R. H. Greenwood, "the minstrel," subsequently Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, together gave Gillies's "History of Greece," in four volumes. At this time about a hundred boys frequented the free school. Now, we were informed, there is difficulty in inducing a dozen lads to attend. The villagers' children go to a more modern mixed school. How sad the Archbishop would be—he who, by-the-by, suffered imprisonment at the hands of Gardiner and helped to translate the Bible—if he could but know!

Wordsworth lodged with an old dame named Ann Tyson, whose cottage is still standing, to the north of the church. The poet himself must have occupied one of the front bedrooms, whence, from his lowly bed, he could hear "the wind roar and the rain beat hard," and watch "the moon in splendour couched among the leaves of a tall ash"—now destroyed. At the good dame's, Wordsworth had "Sabine fare" and unlimited liberty to wander whither his fancy led. A stone's throw away, "that unruly child of mountain birth, the famous brook," left to "dimple down . . . a channel framed by man's officious care," is still to be seen beneath the old slabs of Coniston slate which form the picturesque Flag-street. The poet was not an infant prodigy, and little of his childish work exists. We have the last few lines of a poem composed in 1786 in anticipation of leaving school, which are graceful enough, and may be here appropriately quoted:—

Dear native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That wheresoe'er my steps may bend,
And wheresoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look, alone at you.
Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the West,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

Also the better-known lines "Calm is all nature as a resting wheel" have survived, as well as a school exercise written on Foundation Day, 1785, when the lad was fourteen years old, which, it must be said, is very ordinary. Wordsworth, many years afterwards, told one of Southey's nephews that a school-fellow had asked him, "I say, Bill, when you write poems do you always invoke the Muse?"

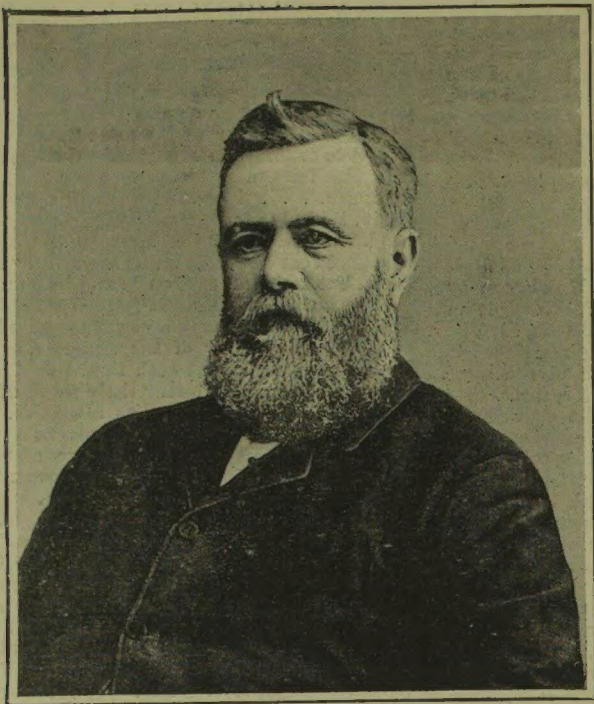
It was at Hawkshead that "The Excursion" was begun, and the thoughts came which afterwards appeared in the "Intimations of Immortality." Wordsworth had no home life, and in this hamlet he was taught, according to his own admission, "to feel, perhaps too much, the self-sufficing power of solitude." Here his lofty speculations were fed by Nature, and he fell into that refreshing pantheism which never quite deserted him. He revelled in boyish sports—see, for instance, his well-known description in "The Prelude" of how "all shod with steel we hissed along the polished ice in games confederate." Although for the most part he had delight in nature *per se*, and not at the time as a revealer of the sad, sweet music of humanity, yet even then, as he tells us, "an auxiliary light came from my mind, which on the setting sun bestowed new splendour"—

Even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth
And common face of nature spoke to me
Rememberable things.

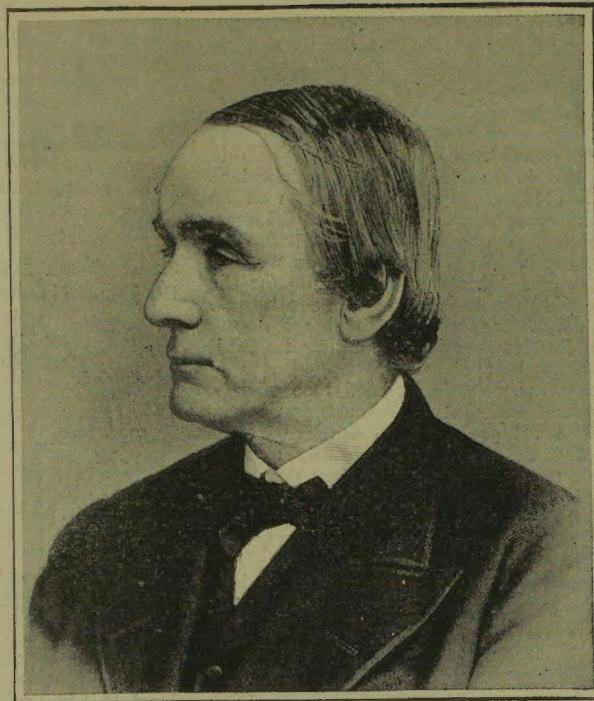
"The Prelude" is full of references to Hawkshead, and to its influence upon Wordsworth's mind. And—but if by this time the reader does not feel desirous of going to the place, then is this writing vain!

AREMEL.

The Report of the Civil Service Commissioners for the year 1889 relates to the examination of 22,491 candidates for employment in the Public Service, which is an increase of about two thousand upon the previous year. The Commissioners mention that in the competition for situations in the Post Office 4212 women entered themselves for 233 situations, or eighteen women for each situation. In 1888 the number was twenty-seven for each situation.



THE LATE CAPTAIN ADAMS, ARCTIC NAVIGATOR.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. BAXTER.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

On Monday afternoon, Aug. 18, at five o'clock, the term of imagined hostilities between the A squadron, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, and the B squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, ended, by official orders. The A squadron, as we have said, represented a British fleet engaged in defending the shores of England and Wales and protecting the "trade routes" from the Bay of Biscay up the British Channel, the Bristol Channel, and the entrance to St. George's Channel. It consisted of the following battle-ships: H.M.S. Anson, Rodney, Hero, Invincible, Triumph, Inflexible, Hotspur, Black Prince, and Northumberland; with the following cruisers and gun-vessels: Narcissus, Galatea, and Shannon, first class; Thames, Mersey, Medusa, Iris, and Inconstant, second class; Mohawk and Raccoon, third class cruisers; Spider and Speedwell, first-class gun-boats; Basilisk sloop, and Hearty tug. The B Squadron, representing an enemy's fleet menacing the British maritime commerce on the "trade routes" before mentioned, was composed of the following battle-ships: H.M.S. Camperdown, Howe, Minotaur, Conqueror, Iron Duke, Audacious, Neptune, and Ajax; with the Aurora, Immortalité, and Northampton, first class cruisers; the Forth, Medea, and Arethusa, second class cruisers; the Serpent and Barrosa, third class cruisers; the Curlew, first class gun-vessel; the Sandfly, first class gun-boat; and the Traveller, tug; also, twelve torpedo-boats. The defending force was supported by a Reserve Squadron at Portland, consisting of H.M.S. Belleisle, Glatton, Cyclops, Hydra, Gorgon, and Hecate, coast-defence ships, with the Active, second class cruiser; the Rattlesnake and Grasshopper, first class gunboats; the Hecla, torpedo dépôt ship, and twelve torpedo-boats. The enemy's main squadron had its headquarters at Berehaven, in Bantry Bay, on the south-west coast of Ireland, but a detached squadron lay at

Alderney, on the south side of the British Channel. No merchant vessels were to be actually seized or stopped by the reputed hostile fleet, and no open towns on the coast were to be attacked; the contest between the two Admirals was simply for the possession of certain spaces of sea where an enemy could molest British trade. The complete account of their operations, which began at five o'clock in the evening of Friday, Aug. 8, cannot yet be supplied: we must await the official report, as the intelligence hitherto received is fragmentary, giving no idea of the general result of these movements. The A squadron, greatly superior in force, had no opportunity of compelling Sir M. Culme Seymour to accept a general engagement; and the only question is how far the B squadron was able to keep some position at sea within the area supposed to be protected by the British fleet. We do not yet know the exact positions actually held from day to day; but there has been little show of fighting, and the naval manœuvres of this year have exhibited few incidents that would strike popular fancy. Our Special Artist, Mr. J. R. Wells, on board H.M.S. Northumberland, with Admiral Sir George Tryon's squadron, contributes two Sketches which appear in this week's publication. One of them represents the practice of "steam tactics," which has already been described; the ships executing a sort of nautical dance, crossing and recrossing each other's course, in an order continually changing, so that those which were following the others come forward to lead in their turn, and those on the port side (left-hand side) take their places to the right hand, which is called the starboard. The other Sketch, taken at a later date, after the commencement of hostilities, is that of a look-out man on board the cruiser Mersey, hoisted up to the mast-head on a wooden seat, lashed to the mast with a bow-line, as a strong wind is blowing, and appointed to descry the enemy at sea, if anywhere in sight; he has a telescope under his arm. The masted ships of the

squadron had also look-out men aloft on their fore and main cross-trees, the top-gallant masts being lowered. In general, however, during the recent naval operations, the vigilance of the look-out man in Sir George Tryon's squadron did not effect any important discovery:—

The Spanish fleet he could not see,
Because—'t was not in sight!

THE LATE CAPTAIN ADAMS.

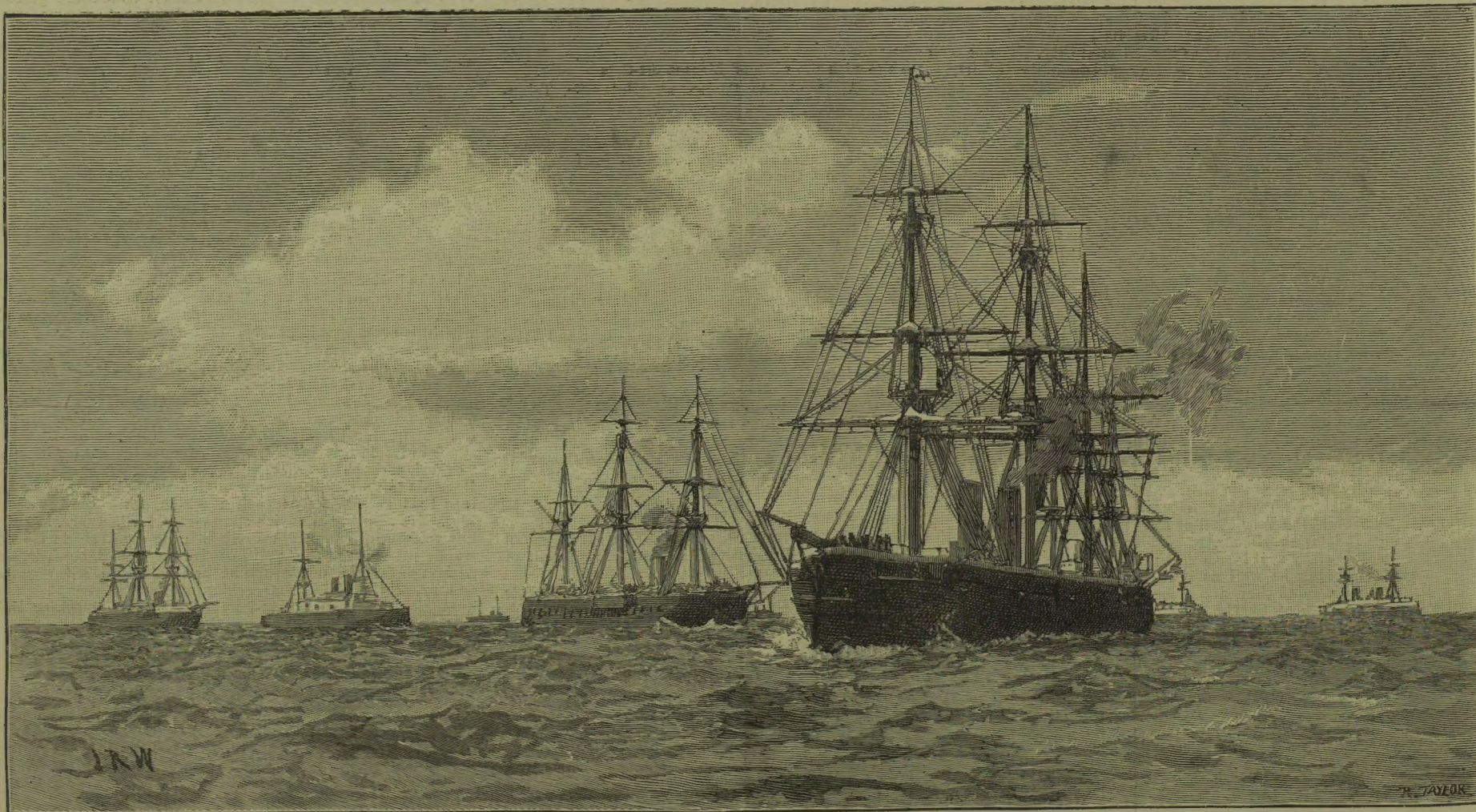
Captain Adams, of Dundee, a well-known Arctic navigator and successful whaling captain, died last week at Dingwall, returning home in the steamer Maud, with a full cargo of oil and whalebone. He had experienced many notable adventures and escapes from danger. Some years ago he was wrecked in Casswell Bay, and had barely time to leave the ship when she was crushed by the ice.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. Ferrier, of Dundee.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. BAXTER.

This gentleman, whose death was announced recently, was a merchant at Dundee, and was M.P. for the Montrose Burghs from 1855 to 1885. In 1868 he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and introduced some beneficial reforms. In 1871 he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury, which office he held until 1873, and was made a Privy Councillor. Mr. Baxter was author of "Impressions of Central and Southern Europe," "The Tagus and the Tiber," "America and the Americans," "Hints to Thinkers," "Free Italy," and "A Winter in India." He died in his sixty-sixth year.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of London.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON'S SQUADRON AT STEAM TACTICS.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

Nearer and nearer they came, and my fair tall Saxon wife put down her little ones by the opening of the door. . . . And I—with bitterness and despair in my heart—unsheathed my Saxon sword.

“THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VII.

In the days that followed it seemed the cruse of contentment would never run dry, and I, foolish I, thought angry destiny had misled me, and that these green Saxon glades were to witness the final ending of my story. Vain hope! Illusive expectation! The hand of fate was even then raised to strike!

In that pleasant harbourage, outside the ken of ambition, and beyond the limits of avarice, surrounded by almost impenetrable mazes of forest land, life was delightful indeed. The sun shone yellow and big in those early days upon our oak-crowned hillocks—sometimes I doubt if it is ever so warm and ruddy now—and December storms told mightily in praise of the great Yule fires wherewith we defied the winter cold. In the summer time, when the sunny Saxon orchards sheltered the herds of kine in their flickering shadows, and the great droves of black swine lay a-basking among the ferns on the distant hangers, we lived more out of doors than in. Editha then would bring out under the oaks the little ruddy-cheeked Gurth, and set him upon my knee, that I might cut him reed whistles or bows and arrows, while the flaxen-haired Agitha played about her mother, tuning her pretty prattle to the merry clatter of the distaff and the wheel.

In the winter the blaze that went leaping and crackling from our hearthstone shone golden upon the hair of those little ones as they sat wide-eyed by me, and saw among the ruddy embers the white horse of Hengist and the banner of his brother winning these fertile vales for a noble Saxon realm. Never was there a better Saxon than I! And when I told of Harold, and softened to those tender ears the story of his dying, the bright drops of sympathy stood in my small maiden's eyes, while Gurth's flashed hatred of the false Norman and scorn of foreign tyrants. Under such circumstances it will readily be understood that I ought to have had little wish to draw weapons again or bestride the good charger growing so gross and sleek in his stall all this long peace time.

And yet the silken meshes of felicity were irksome against all reason, and I would grow weary of so much good fortune, finding my pretty deckings and raiment heavier—more burdensome wear—than ever was martial harness. My fair Saxon wife noticed these moods, and strove to mend them. She would take me out to the hawking, were I never so gloomy, and then I would envy the wild haggards of the rocks who got their living from day to day in the free mid air, and asked no favour of either gods or men. Or, perhaps, she would make revelries upon the level green before her homestead, and thither would come all the fools and pedlars, all the bear-baiters, somersaulters, and wrestlers of the shire. But I was not to be pleased so, and I slew the bear in single combat, and tossed, vindictive, the somersaulters over the hucksters' stalls, and broke the ribs in the wrestlers' sides—till none would play with me, and all the people murmured. Then, of a night, Editha got the best gleemen in Mercia to sing to me, and when they sang of peace, and sheep and orchards, or each praised his leman's moonlike eyes and slender middles, I would not listen. Nor was it better when they tuned their strings to martial ditties, for that doubled my malady, since then their rhyming stirred my soul to new unrest, making worse that which they sought to cure.

I sometimes think it was all this to-do which brought Voewood under Norman notice. But, perhaps, it was the slow and steady advance of the invaders' power percolating like a rising tide into all the recesses of the land which drew us into the fatal circle of the despoilers, and not my waywardness. Be this as it may, the result was the same.

Over to the northward, a score of miles away, where the great road ran east, we heard from wandering strollers the Normans were passing daily. Then, later, there came in the news-budget of a Flemish pedlar tidings that the hungry foreigners had licked up all the fat meadows around the nearest town, had hung its alderman over the walls, and built a tower and dungeon (after their wont) in the middle of it. Yes! and these messengers of ill omen said there were left no men of note or Saxon blood to uphold the English cause—there was no proper speech in England but the Norman—there was no way of wearing a tunic but the Norman—nothing now to swear by but by Our Lady of Tours and Holy St. Bridget—all Saxon wives were in danger of kissing—and all Saxon abbots were become barefooted monks!

Never was a country turned inside out so soon or quietly; and as I looked over our wide, fair meadows, and upon my sweet girl and her flaxen little ones, and thought how already for her I had risked my life, I could not help wondering how soon I might have to venture it again.

On apace came the outer conquest into our inner peace. Towns and burghs went down, and the hungry flames of lust and avarice fed upon what they destroyed. All the vales and hills the swords of Hengist and Horsa had won, and baptised with foemen's blood, in the mighty names of old Norsemen and Valhalla, were being christened anew to suit a mincing, latter tongue. Thane and franklin uncapped them at the roadside to these steel-bound swarms of ruthless spoilers, and nothing was sacred, neither deed nor covenant, neither having nor holding, which ran counter to the wishes of the western scourges of our English weakness.

When I thought of all this I was extraordinarily ill at ease, and, before I could settle upon how best to meet the danger, it came upon us, and we were overwhelmed. Briefly, it was thus. About twelve years after the battle where Harold had died, the Norman leader had, we heard, taken it into his head to poll us like cattle, to find the sum and total of our fens and lands, our serfs and orchards, and even of our very selves! Now, few of us Saxons but felt this was a certain scheme to tax and oppress us even more severely than the people had been oppressed in the time of St. Dunstan. Besides this, our free spirits rose in scorn of being counted and weighed and mulcted by plebeian emissaries of the usurper, so we murmured loud and long.

And those thanes who complained the bitterest were hanged by the derisive Normans on their own kitchen beams—on the very same hooks where they cured their mighty sides of pork—while those who complied but falsely with the assessor's commands were robbed of wife and heritage, children and lands, and shackled with the brass collar of serfdom, or turned out to beg their living on the wayside and sue the charity of their own dependants. Whether we would thus be hanged or outcast, or whether we would humble us to this hateful need, writing ourselves and our serfs down in the great "Doom's Day" book, all had to choose.

For my part, after much debating, and for the sake of those who looked to me, I had determined to do what was required—and then, if it might be, to bring all the Saxon gentlemen together—to raise these English shires upon the Normans, and with fire and sword revoke our abominable indenture of thralldom. But, alas! my hasty temper and my

inability to stomach an affront in any guise undid my good resolutions.

Well, this mighty book was being compiled far and wide, we heard, in every shire: there were some men of good standing base enough to countenance it, and, taking the name of the King's justiciaries, they got together shorn monks—shaveling rascals who did the writing and computing—with reeves hungry for their masters' woodlands, and many other lean forsworn villains. This jury of miscreants went round from hall to hall, from manor to manor, with their scrips and pens and parchment, until all the land was being gathered into the avaricious Norman's tax roll.

They cast their greedy eyes at last on sunny, sleepy Voewood, though, indeed, I had implored every deity, old or new, I could recall that they might overlook it; and one day their hireling train of two score pikemen came ambling down the glades with a fat Abbot—a Norman rascal—at their head, and pulled up at our doorway.

"Hullo, there!" says the monk. "Whose house is this?"

"Mine," I said gruffly, with a secret fancy that there would be some heads broken before the census was completed.

"And who are you?"

"The Master of Voewood."

"What else?"

"Nothing else!"

"Well, you are not over-civil, anyhow, my Saxon churl," said the man of scrolls and goose-quills.

"Frankly," I answered, "Sir Monk, the smaller civility you look for from me to-day the less likely you are to be disappointed. Out with that infernal catechism of yours, and have done, and move your black shadows from my porch."

At this the clerk shrugged his shoulders—no doubt he did not look to be a very welcome guest—and coughed and spit, and then unfurled in our free sunshine a great roll of questions, and forthwith proceeded to expound them in bastard Latin, smacking of mouldy cathedral cells and cloister pedantry.

"Now, mark me, Sir Voewood, and afterwards answer truly in everything. Here, first, I will read you the declaration of your neighbour, the worthy thane Sewin, in order that you may see how the matter should go, and then afterwards I will question you yourself," and, taking a parchment from a junior, he began: "Here is what Sewin told us: *Rex tenet in Dominio Sohurst; de firma Regis Edwardi fuit. Tunc se defendebat pro 17 Hidis; nihil geldaverunt. Terra est 16 Carucate; in Dominio sunt 200 Curacate, and 24 Villani, and 10 Bordarij cum 20 Carucis. Ibi Ecclesia quam Willelmus tenet de Rege cum dimidia Hida in Elemosina. Silva 40 Porcorum et ipsa est in parco Regis*."

But hardly had my friend got so far as this in displaying the domesticity of Sewin the thane, when there broke a loud uproar from the rear of Voewood, and the tripping Latin came to a sudden halt as there emerged in sight a rabble of Saxon peasants and Norman prickers freely exchanging buffets. In the midst of them was our bailiff, a very stalwart fellow, hauling along and beating as he came a luckless soldier in the foreign garb just then so detestable to our eyes.

"Why," I said, "what may all this be about? What has the fellow done, Sven, that your Saxon cudgel makes such friends with his Norman cape?"

"What? Why, the graceless yokner, not content with bursting open the buttery door and setting all these scullion men-at-arms drinking my lady's ale and rioting among her stores, must needs harry the maidens, scaring them out of their wits, and putting the whole place in an uproar! As I am an honest man, there has been more good ale spilt this half-hour, more pottery broken, more linen torn, more roasts upset, more maids set screaming, than since the Danes last came round this way and pillaged us from roof to cellar!"

"Why, you fat Saxon porker!" cried the leader of the troops, pushing to the front, "what are you good for but for pillage? Drunken serf! An it were not for the politic heart of yonder King, I and mine would make you and yours sigh again for your Danish ravishers, looking back from our mastery to their red fury with sickly longing! Out on you! Unhand the youth, or by St. Bridget there will be a fat carcass for your crows to peck at!" and he put his hand upon his dagger.

Thereon I stepped between them, and, touching my jewelled belt, said: "Fair Sir, I think the youth has had no less than his deserts, and as for the Voewood crows they like Norman carrion even better than Saxon flesh."

The soldier frowned, as well he might, at my retort, but before we could draw, as assuredly we would have done, the monk pushed in between us, and the athelings of the commission, who had orders to carry out their work with peace and dispatch as long as that were possible, quieted their unruly rabble, and presently a muttering, surly order was restored between the glowering crowds.

"Now," said the scribe propitiatingly, anxious to get through with his task, "you have heard how amiably Sewin answered. Of you I will ask a question or two in Saxon, since, likely enough, you do not know the blessed Latin." (By the soul of Hengist, though, I knew it before the stones of that confessor's ancient monastery were hewn from their native rock!) "Answer truly, and all shall be well with you. First, then, how much land hast thou?"

But I could not stand it. My spleen was roused against these braggart bullies, and, throwing discretion to the wind, I burst out, "Just so much as serves to keep me and mine in summer and winter!"

"And how many ploughs?"

"So many as need to till our cornlands."

"Rude boar!" said the monk, backing off into the group of his friends, and frowning from that vantage in his turn. "How many serfs acknowledge your surly leadership?"

"Just so many," I said, boiling over, "as can work the ploughs and reap the corn, and keep the land from greedy foreign clutches! There, put up your scroll and begone. I will not answer you! I will not say how many pigeons there are in our dove-cotes—how many fowls roost upon their perches—how many earthen pots we have, or how many maids to scrub them! Get you back to the Conqueror: tell him I deride and laugh at him for the second time. Say I have lived a longish life, and I never yet saw the light of that day when I profited by humility. Say I, the swart stranger who stabbed his ruffian courtier and galloped away with the white maid, Editha of Voewood—I, who plucked that flower from the very saddle-bow of his favourite, and thundered derisive through his first camp there on the eastern downs—say, even I will find a way to keep and wear her in scorn of all that he can do! Out with you—begone!"

And they went, for I was clearly in no mood to be dallied with, while behind me the serfs and vassals were now mustering strongly, an angry array armed with such weapons as they could snatch up in their haste, and wanting but a word or look to fall upon the little band of assessors and slay them as they stood. Thus we won that hour—and many a long day had we to regret the victory.

My luck was against me that time. I hoped, so far as there was any hope or reason in my thoughtless anger, to have had a space to rouse the neighbouring thanes and their vassals upon these our tyrants, and I had dreamt, so combustible was the country just then, somehow perhaps the flame

would have spread far and wide. I saw that abominable thing, Rebellion, for once linked hand in hand with her sweet rival, Patriotism, I saw the red flames of vengeance in the quarrel I had made my own sweeping through the land and lapping up with its hundred tongues every evidence of the spoilers! Yes! and even I had fancied that, an there were no true Saxon Princes for our English throne, there was still Editha, my wife; an if there were no swords left to fence a throne so filled, yet there was the sword of Phra the Phenician! Vain fantasy! The faces of the Fates were averted.

Those hateful inquisitors had not gone many hours' journey northward, when, as ill-luck would have it, they fell in with a Norman Captain, Godfrey de Boville, and two hundred men-at-arms, marching to garrison a western city. To these they told their tale, and, ever ready for pillage and bloodshed, the band halted, and then turned into the woodlands where we had our lair.

The sun was low that afternoon when an affrighted herdsmen came running in to me with the news that he knew not how many soldiers were in the glades beyond. And before he could get his breath or quite tell his hasty message their pricklers came out of the wood—the gallant Norman array (whose glitter has since grown dearer to me than the shine of a mistress's eyes) rode from under our oak-trees, the banners and banners fluttered up on the evening wind—their trumpets brayed until our very rafters echoed to that warlike sound—the level twilight rays flashed back from those serried ranks and the steel panoply of the warriors in as goodly a martial show as ever, to that day, I had seen.

What need I tell you of the negotiations which followed while this silver cloud, charged with ruin and cruelty, hung on the dusky velvet side of the twilight hill above us? What need be said of how I swore between my teeth at the chance which had brought this swarm hither in a day rather than in the week I had hoped for, or how my heart burned with smothered anger and pride when we had to tamely answer their haughty summons to unconditional surrender?

Yet by one saving clause they did not attack us at once. Only to me was it clear how utterly impossible was it with the few rugged serfs at my command to defend even for one single onset that great straggling house against their overwhelming force. To them our strength was quite unknown: this and the gathering darkness tempted the Norman to put off the attack until the daylight came again, and the respite was our saving. It was not a saving upon which I wish to dwell long, for 't was no more glorious than the retreat of a wolf from his hiding-place when the shepherds fire the brake behind him.

All along the edge of the hill their watchfires presently twinkled out, and as Editha and Sven the Strong came to me in gloomy conference upon the turret we could see the soldiers pass now and again before the blaze, we could hear their laughter and the snatches of their drinking-song, the hoarse cry of the wardens, and the champing and whinny of the chargers picketed under the starlight in lines upon our free Saxon turf. And for Sven and all his good comrade hinds we knew to-morrow would bring the riveting of new and heavier collars than any they had worn as yet. For me and my contumacy, though I feared it not, there could be naught but the swift absolution of a Norman sword; while for her—for her, that gentle, stately lady to whose pale sweetness my rough, unworthy pen can do no sort of justice—there was nameless degradation and half a wandering bully's tent.

The serf suggested with his rugged northern valour we should set light to the hall and, with the women and children in our midst, sally out and cut a way to freedom, and I knew the path he would choose would have been through the hostile camp. But his lady suggested better. She proposed both hind and bondsmen should steal away in the darkness, and, since valour here was hopeless, disperse over the countryside, and there, secure in their humbleness, await our future returning. We, on the other hand, would follow them through the friendly shadows that lay deep and high to the house on the unguarded side, and then turn us to a monastery some few miles away, where, if we could reach it, in Sanctuary and the care of one of the few remaining Saxon abbots, we might bide our chance, or at least make terms with our conquerors.

So it was settled, and soon I had all those kind, shaggy villains in the dining-hall standing there uncapped upon the rushes in the torchlight, and listening in melancholy silence to the plan, and then presently, with the dispatch our situation needed, they were slipping in twos and threes out of the little rearward portal and slinking off to the thickets.

Presently our turn came, and as I stood gloomy and stern in that voiceless, empty hall that was wont to be so bright and noisy, fingering my itching dagger and scowling out of the lattice upon the red gleam in the night air hanging over the Norman camp-fires, there came the fall of my wife's feet upon the stairway. In either hand she had a babe, swaddled close up against the night air, and naught but their bright wonder-brimming eyes showing as she hugged them tight against her sides. For them, for them alone, the frown gave way, and I stooped to that escape. We crept away, and Editha's heart was torn at leaving thus the hall where she had been born and reared, and when, presently, in the shadows of the crowded oaks, she found all her slaves and bondsmen in a knot to wish her farewell, the tears that had been brooding long overflowed unrestrainedly.

Even I, who had dwelt among them but a space on my way from the further world of history towards the unknown future, could not but be moved by their uncouth love and loyalty. There were men there who had stood in arms with her father when the cruel Danes had ravished these valleys for a score of miles inland, and some who had grown with her in the goodly love and faith of thane and serf as long as she herself had lived. These rugged fellows wept like children, called me father, *klafod*, "bread bestower," and pressed upon her in silent sorrow, kissing her hands and the hem of her robe, and taking the little ones from her arms, and pressing their rude unshaven faces to their rosebud cheeks until I feared that Gurth or Agitha might cry out, or some wail from that secret scene of sorrow would catch the ears of our watchful foemen.

So, as gently as might be, I parted the weeping mistress and her bondsmen, and set her upon a good horse Sven had stolen from the paddock, and, springing into the saddle of my own strong charger, gave my broad jewelled belt to the Saxon that he might divide it among his comrades, and, taking a long tough spear from his faithful hand, turned northward with Editha upon our dangerous journey.

We stole along as quietly as might be for some distance in safety, riding where the moss was deepest and the shadows thick, and then, just when we were at the nearest to the Norman camp in the curve we were making towards the monastery beyond, those ill-conditioned invaders set up their evening trumpet-call. As the shrill notes came down into the dim starlight glade, strong, clear, and martial in the evening quiet, they thrilled that gallant old charger I had borrowed from the camp at Hastings down to his inmost warlike fibre. He recognised the familiar sound—mayhap it was the very trumpet-call which had been

fodder and stable to him for years—and, with ears pricked forward and feet that beat the dewy turf in union to his pleasure, he whinnied loud and long!

Nothing it availed me to smite my hand upon my breast at this deadly betrayal, or lay a warning finger upon his brave, unwitting, velvet nuzzle—luckless, accursed horse, the mischief was done! But yet, I will not abuse him, for the grass grows green over his strong, sleek limbs, and right well that night he amended his error! Hardly had his neigh gone into the stillness when the chargers in the camp answered it, and in a moment the men-at-arms and squires by the nearest fire were all on foot, and in another they had espied us and set up a shout that woke the ready camp in a moment.

There was small time to think. I clapped my hand upon Editha's bridle rein and gave my own a shake, and away we went across the chequered moonlight glade. But so close had we been that a bow-string or two hummed in the Norman tents, and before we were fairly started I heard the rustle of the shafts in the leaves over head. It was more than arrows we had to dread, and, turning my head for a moment ere we plunged again into dark vistas of the forest road, there, sure enough, was the pursuit streaming out after us, and gallant squires and knights tumbling into their saddles and shouting and cheering as they came galloping and glittering down behind us—a very pretty show, but a dangerous one.

By the souls of St. Dunstan and his forty monks! but I could have enjoyed that midnight ride had it not been for the pale, brave rider at my side, and the little ones that lay fearfully a-nestling on our saddle-bows. For hours the swift, keen gallop of our horses swallowed the unseen ground in tireless rhythm—all through the night field and coppice and hanger swept by us as we passed from glade to glade and woodland to woodland—now 'twas a lonely forester's hut that shone for a moment in ghostly whiteness between the tree-stems with the nightshine on its lifeless face, and anon we sped through droves of Saxon swine, sleeping upon the road-way under their oak-trees, round a muffled swineherd. And the great forest stags stayed the fraying of their antlers against the tree-trunks in the dark coppices as we flew by, and the startled wolf yelped and snarled upon our path as our fleeting shadows o'ertook him; and then, there, ever behind, low, remorseless, stern, came the murmuring hoof-beats of our pursuers, now rising and now falling upon the light breath of the night-wind, but ever, as our panting steeds strode shorter and shorter, coming nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer.

Had this sombre race, whereof Death held the stakes, continued so as it began, straight on end, I do not think we could have got away. But when we had ridden many an hour, and the heavy streaks of white foam were marking Editha's horse with dreadful suggestion, and his breath was coming hot and husky through his wide red nostrils, for a moment or two the sound of the pursuers stopped. Blessed respite! They had missed the woodland road—but for all too short a space. We had hardly made good four or five hundred yards of advantage when, terribly near to us, sounded the call of one of their horsemen, and soon all the others were in his footsteps again. This one, he who now led the pursuers by, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, gained on us stride by stride, until I could stand the thud of his horsehoofs on the turf behind no more. "Here!" I said fiercely to Editha, "take Gurt," and put him with his sister in her arms, then, bidding them ride slowly forward, turned my good charger and paced him slowly back towards the oncoming knight, with stern anger smouldering in my heart.

There was a smooth, wide, bit of grassy road between us in that centre, midnight Saxon forest. And never a gleam of light fell upon that ancient thoroughfare; never the faintest, thin white finger of a star pierced the black canopy of boughs overhead; it was as black as the kennel of Cerberus, and as I sat my panting war-horse I could not see my own hand stretched out before me—yet there, in that grim blackness, I met the Norman lance to lance, and sent his spirit whirling into the outer space!

I let him come within two hundred yards then suddenly rose in my stirrups and, shouting Harold's warcry, since I did not deign to fall upon him unawares, "Out! Out! England! England!" awaited his answer. It came in a moment, strange and inhuman in the black stillness, "Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame!" and then—muttering between my tight-set teeth that surely that road was the road to hell for one of us—I bent my head down almost to my horse's ears, drove the spurs into him, and, gripping my long keen spear, thundered back upon my unseen foe. With a shock that startled the browsing hinds a mile away, we were together. The Norman spear broke into splinters athwart my body—but mine, more truly held, struck him fair and full—I felt him like a great dead weight upon it, I felt his saddle-girths burst and fly, and then, as my own strong haft bent like a willow wand and snapped close by my hand, that midnight rider and his visionary steed went crashing to the ground. Bitterly I laughed as I turned my horse northwards once more, and from a black cavern-mouth on the hillside an owl echoed my grim merriment with ghastly glees.

Well, the night was all but done, yet were we not out of the toils. A little farther on, Editha's floundering steed gave out, and, just as we saw the pale turrets of the monastery shining in the open a mile ahead of us, the horse rolled over dead upon the grass and bracken.

"Quick, quick!" I said, "daughter of Hardicanute," and the good Saxon girl had passed the little ones to the pommel and put her own foot upon my toe and sprung on to my saddle crupper sooner than it takes to tell. Ah! and the nearer we came to our goal the closer seemed to be the throb and beat of the pursuing hoofs behind. And many an anxious time did I turn my head to watch the rogues closing with us, now ever and anon in sight, and many a word of encouragement did I whisper to the gallant charger whose tireless courage was standing us in such good case.

Noble beast! right well had he atoned his mistake that evening, and in a few minutes more we left the greenwood, and now he swept us over the Abbot's fat meadows, where the white morning mist was lying ghostly in wreaths and wisps upon the tall wet grass, and then we staggered into the foss and spurned the short turf, and so past the chequered cloisters, and pulled up finally at a low postern door I had espied as we approached the nearest wall of the noble Saxon monastery. Surely never was a traveller in such a hurry to be admitted as I, and I beat upon that iron studded door with the knob of my dagger in a way which must have been heard in every cell of that sacred pile.

"My friend," said a reverend head which soon appeared at a little window above, "is this not unseemly haste at such an hour, and my Lord Abbot not yet risen to matins?"

"For the love of Heaven, father," I said, "come down and let us in!" for by this time the Normans were not a bow-shot away, and it still looked as if we might fall into their hands.

"Why," said the unwotting monk, "no doubt the hospitality of St. Olaf's walls was never yet refused to weary strangers, but you must go round to the lodge and rouse the porter there—truly he sleeps a little heavy, but no doubt he will admit you eventually."

"Sir Priest," I shouted in my rage and fear as the good old fellow went meandering on, "our need is past all nicety of etiquette! Here is Editha of Voewood, the niece of your holy Abbot himself, and yonder are they who would harry and take her. Come down, come down, or by the Holy Rood our blood will for ever stain your ungenerous lintel!"

By this time the horsemen were breasting the smooth green glais that led up to the monastery wall's—half a dozen of them had outlived that wild race—the reins were upon their smoking chargers' necks, their reeking spurs red and ruddy with their haste, the spattered clay and loam of many a woodland rivulet chequering their horses to the shoulders, and each rider as he came shouting and clapping his hands upon the foam-speckled neck of these panting steeds that strained with thundering feet to the last hundred yards of green sward and the prize beyond.

Nearer and nearer they came, and my fair, tall Saxon wife put down her little ones by the opening of the door and covered them with her skirt as she turned her pale, white, tearless face to the primrose flush of the morning. And I—with bitterness and despair in my heart—unsheathed my Saxon sword and cast the scabbard fiercely to the ground, and stood out before them—my bare and heaving breast a fair target for those glistening oncoming Norman lances!

And then—just when that game was all but lost—there came the sweet patter of sandalled feet within, bolt by bolt was drawn back; willing hands were stretched out; the mother and her babes were dragged from the steps—even my charger was swallowed by the friendly shelter, and I myself was pulled back lastly—the postern slammed to, and, as the great locks turned again, and the iron bars fell into their stony sockets, we heard the Norman chargers' hoofs ringing on the flagstones, and the angry spear-heads rattling on the outer studs of that friendly oaken doorway.

Thus was the gentle franklin saved; but little did I think in saving her how long I was to lose her. I had but stabled my noble beast down by the Abbot's own palfrey, and fed and watered him with loving gratitude, and then had gone to Editha and my own supper (waited on by many a wondering, kindly one of these corded, russet Brothers), when that strange fate of mine overtook me once again. I know not how it was, but all on a sudden the world melted away into a shadowy fantasy, my head sank upon the supper-board, and there—between the goodly Abbot and the fair Saxon lady—I fell into a pleasant, dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre continue to be the chief important musical performances in London: and they will be especially welcome to the large number of people who do not quit the metropolis on the close of what is called "the season," as well as to the many visitors who then come here to spend their holiday. The successful opening of the concerts on Aug. 9 (already recorded) has been followed by a succession of attractive performances, among which was the first of the "classical" nights which are given weekly. On these occasions the first part of the programme consists of music of a standard and sterling character, such as to satisfy the adherents of the solid schools of music; the rest of the concert comprising pieces of a lighter kind, to meet the tastes of those who prefer the vivacious to the serious style. The first classical programme included an effective performance of Dvorák's symphony in D, a fine orchestral work that is one of the most important of the recent productions of its composer, and has been more than once previously commented on by us. Another work of an older period and of a more strictly classical style was Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," a magnificent orchestral prelude with which the concert now referred to opened. The prelude to M. Massenet's "Herodiade," and that to Reinecke's "König Manfred," were the other orchestral pieces in the classical portion of the programme, which also included Mr. E. Howell's fine performance of Herr Max Bruch's violoncello solo entitled "Kol Nidrei," a characteristic piece based on Hebrew melodies. Vocal solos were effectively rendered by Mesdames Marie Rose and Belle Cole and Mr. W. Mills. Here was in itself a concert sufficient to satisfy any requirements, both as to quality and quantity; and it was supplemented by a miscellaneous selection in which vocal and instrumental pieces of a lighter description were provided. The new waltz, "Yours Always," composed by Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, the able conductor of these concerts, continues to be favourably received.

Mr. William S. Nicoll, of Glasgow, has been appointed Professor of English Literature in University College, Dundee.

The honour of K.C.B., Civil Division, has been conferred upon Sir Henry Percy Anderson, K.C.M.G., in recognition of his services in connection with the conclusion of the Anglo-German Agreement.

The Queen's Theatre at Manchester was on Aug. 17 destroyed by fire. The stage portion was saved by the lowering of an asbestos curtain. About the same time large mills at Miles Platting were burned down, the damage done being estimated at £120,000.

At a general meeting of the shareholders of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, in Manchester, the chairman, Lord Egerton of Tatton, stated that the canal has steadily progressed. He fully expects that the contractor will complete his work within the prescribed time.

Captain Smith, of the Firth of Clyde, reports having visited Pitcairn Island on April 27. He found that the population numbered 126, which was an increase of nine since last year. They had celebrated on Jan. 23 the hundredth anniversary of the landing on that island of the mutineers of the Bounty.

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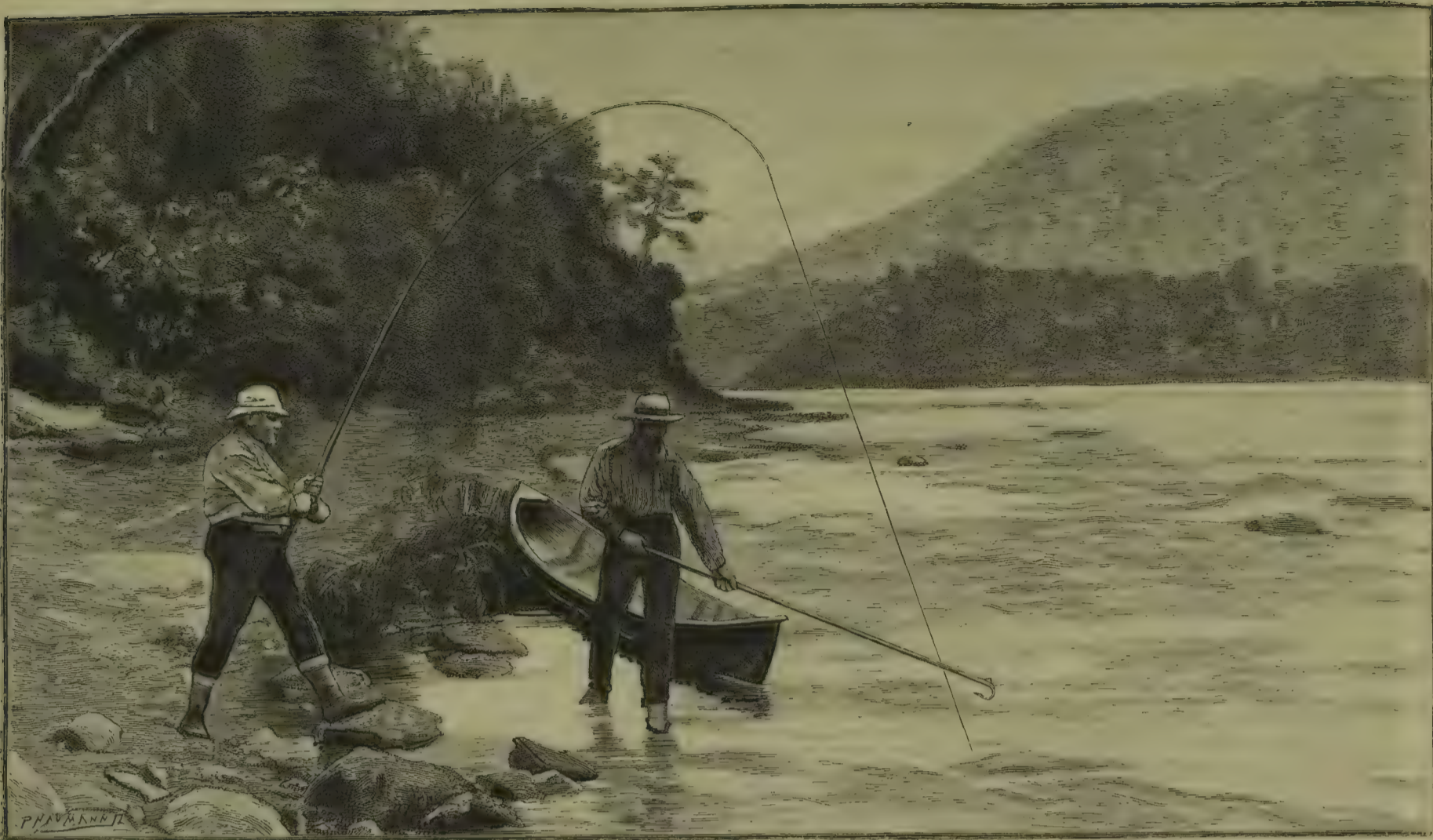
OBSELETE PUNISHMENTS.

The English criminal code has not always been the lenient thing it now is. Indeed—and it will, no doubt, surprise many good folk to learn it—up to the beginning of this century it was, as a great judge put it, "savage almost beyond belief." A man was sentenced to death or to transportation for life for an offence for which he would now be let off with a month's hard labour—for such an offence as stealing forty shillings belonging to his master, stealing from a shop-door, stealing apples from an orchard, or the like. In Halifax, in the sixteenth century, when Harrison wrote his "Description of England," there was a law, peculiar to the place, under which a man was executed by a kind of guillotine for a theft of thirteence halfpenny or upwards. It is the same Harrison who tells us that Henry VIII. hanged 72,000 "rogues and vagabonds" during his thirty-eight years' reign, and that in his own time (1577) the number of these unfortunates suspended *per coll.* averaged annually from three hundred to four hundred. Coin sweaters were boiled in lead or hot water, or, if women, were burnt; pirates were hanged at low-water mark on the shore; and a brutal murderer was first of all half hanged, then had his bowels taken out before his eyes, and was afterwards drawn and quartered.

Besides the severe criminal code, half the atrocities of which have been designedly passed over, there were a number of punishments of a more or less humiliating character, for petty offences—such, for instance, as night-walking, for which frightful lapsus a chaplain was once sent to the Tan, a round prison on Cornhill; for selling goods after curfew had rung, for being a "common scold," and for scandal-mongering and lying—for which, the "Liber Albus" tells us, a man was once adjudged imprisonment for a year, and a day of the pillory once a quarter, for three hours, with a whetstone tied round his neck. The curious instruments devised for quenching the ardour of hot-tempered shrews were numerous. One was the brank—a sugarloaf-shaped cap, made of iron hooping, with a cross at the top, and a flat piece, also of iron, projecting inwards for laying upon the offender's tongue, so that it should not wag, and that her head should not move. The brank was padlocked behind, and the woman led through the streets by an officer of the town, probably a beadle, until she began to show "all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment." Equally efficacious was the whirlingig, a large circular cage turning upon a pivot. It was (says Captain Grose) put on the heads of trifling offenders of all kinds, and not bawling women alone, and was set awirling with great rapidity, "so that the delinquent soon became extremely sick," and was very glad to be released and taken home. The most noteworthy, however, of all the instruments designed for the correction of Eve's offending daughters was the cucking or ducking stool, known also as the tumbrel and the trebuchet. A post, across which was a transverse beam turning on a swivel, and with a chair at one end, was set up on the edge of a pond. Into the chair the woman was chained, turned towards the water (a muddy or stinking pond was usually chosen for this purpose when available), and ducked half a dozen times; or, if the water inflamed her instead of acting as a damper, she was let down rapidly times innumerable, until she was exhausted and well-nigh drowned. From the frequency with which we find it mentioned in old local and county histories, in churchwardens' and chamberlains' accounts, and by the poets (Gay, for one, has a description of the process in his third pastoral, "The Shepherd's Week"), we shall probably not be wrong in concluding that at one time this institution was kept up all over the country. In Liverpool, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803, it was not formally abolished until 1776; but it was falling into desuetude more than thirty years before, when such an exhibition at Kingston-on-Thames was so novel that it could draw nearly 3000 spectators to the scene. There is a good deal of humour in another of these queer obsolete punishments—the drunkard's cloak, with the invention of which the magistrates of Newcastle-on-Tyne, during Cromwell's Protectorate, are credited. It consisted of a large cask with the bottom taken out, and with a hole in the top and one on each side for the toper's head and arms; and, equipped in this greatcoat, he was led through the streets until the looked-for signs of contrition appeared and he promised to give up drinking sack.

Torture on a grand scale went out with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practised on military offenders down to the eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to was that known as the wooden horse, to ride which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts, insubordination, and so on. The wooden horse was made of planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse, and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high, placed on a stand made movable by truckles. To complete the resemblance with the noblest animal in creation, a head and tail were added. When a soldier was sentenced, either by court-martial or by his commanding officer, to ride the horse, he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him; and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down, or, as was jocularly said, to prevent the fiery untamed barebacked steed from kicking him off. The gantelope, or gauntlet, was another military and naval punishment for theft. A man had to run the gauntlet of a long file of his fellow-soldiers, each provided with a switch; and to prevent the sinner going too rapidly, and to see that no man impelled by motives of friendliness or kindness failed to strike hard, a sergeant walked backwards, facing the said sinner, with a halberd pointed at the latter's breast. After a lengthy experiment this was found to be inconvenient and degrading; so recourse was had to another method—a variety of the same species of torture. The offender was tied to four halberds, three in a triangle and a fourth across. The regiment or company then filed off; the cat-o'-nine-tails was placed in the hands of the first man, who gave the culprit a lash, and passed on, handing the cat to the second, who also gave a lash, and so the game went merrily on until the offence had been expiated. The picket, the last punishment of which I propose to speak, was generally inflicted on cavalry and artillery men, and was a singularly brutal bit of torture. A long post, near which stood a stool, was driven into the ground. The delinquent was ordered to mount the stool; his right hand was fastened to a hook in the post, by a noose, drawn up as high as it could be stretched, round his wrist; a stump, the height of the stool, with its end cut to a round and blunt point, was also driven into the earth close to the post; then the stool was taken away, and the sufferer had nothing to rest his bare feet upon but the stump, "which though it did not usually break the skin," says Captain Grose, "put him in great torture, his only means of relief being by resting his weight on his wrist, the pain of which soon became intolerable." One can very well believe him, especially when he makes the addition that a man was not unfrequently left to stand in this position for half an hour—although the orthodox period of endurance was fifteen minutes.

M. R. D.



ANGLING ON THE MIRAMICHI: GAFFING A SALMON FROM THE SHORE.

Killing salmon in the streams of Quebec and New Brunswick is quite a different sport from the same pursuit in the rivers of Great Britain. The angler may travel over the globe without finding any more magnificent reaches of water, amid rugged hills and wild virgin forests, than along the tributaries of the head of the Bay of Chaleurs, the Cascapedia, the Metapedia, the Miramichi, and the Restigouche. So many well-known Englishmen have fished of late years in those waters that they must soon be recognised as a natural territory of the British sportsman. From New York, Boston, Montreal, or Quebec this region is quickly reached by the Intercolonial Railway, which leaves the St. Lawrence at St. Luce, 190 miles from Quebec, turning a little to the south of east towards the Bay of Chaleurs. Leaving the train at the Metapedia station, 100 miles from St. Luce, one finds the handsome house of the Metapedia Fishing Club on the Metapedia River, which stretches away to the north-west. The Duke of Connaught cast a fly in the Metapedia, in Sir George Stephen's water, on the occasion of his recent visit to the Canadian Dominion, but, owing to the floods in the rivers, and his lack of time to wait on the moods of the fish, was unsuccessful. From Metapedia Pool the voyager up the Restigouche, which empties into the Pool, and is perhaps the best known of all these streams, finds nature display her charms on either hand. The trend of the stream, up current, is to the south-west, and

then nearly westward. Its privileges are always taken, and are difficult to secure, bringing in to their owners not less than £5000 a year. When we consider how many such streams there are, leased mostly to Americans, it is easy to compute that Canada's salmon rivers are worth a large annual revenue.

The scene on the Miramichi, a branch of the St. John's River, which empties into the Bay of Chaleurs, shows in the background the hills densely wooded with spruce and cedar, the prevailing kinds of forest trees. Standing just in front of his Gaspé boat, the Indian guide extends his steel towards the salmon, whose drowning struggles agitate the water in the right foreground. Neither rod nor line will stand much greater pressure, and, with his feet firmly braced on the rocks of the river's shelving bank, the fisherman waits the co-operation of his assistant with the gaff. The struggle is soon over, and the prize is landed.

There is but little casting from shore done on these rivers. They are too deep and wide as a rule, and the sportsman finds it much easier, with two Indian boatmen, to pursue his prey in a birch-bark canoe. In the evening, after the day's sport, the Indians are very useful as cooks and servants in such birch-bark camps as shown in the illustration. Here, with plenty of fresh bread and butter and eggs, brought up from Metapedia in canoes, the hungry fisherman feasts on salmon boiled—an excellent method of preparing the fish—salmon fried,

baked, grilled, and indeed done in every conceivable fashion. But the salmon diet soon palls on the taste.

Seven or eight hours a day on the water seem to satisfy the most enthusiastic angler. An early start at half past seven in the morning gives one time to return to camp by half past twelve, when the sun is making himself felt along the shimmering surface of the stream. A broken rod may delay the return somewhat, as shown in the illustration, also taken on the Miramichi. After a siesta of three or four hours, preceded of course by a plentiful repast of salmon, once more the sportsman tempts the brawling ripples and the long pools, already shaded by the sombre hills.

Her Majesty's ship *Andromache*, a new protected cruiser, was on Aug. 14 launched at Chatham Dockyard, Lady Graham, wife of Admiral Sir W. Graham, naming the vessel.

The Rev. A. W. Wetherall, for twenty years Rural Dean of Helmsley, Yorkshire, has resigned his office, and the Rev. Canon Hudson has been appointed to succeed him.

The strike on the South Wales railways is at an end, terms of settlement having been arranged between Mr. Harford, the men's representative, and Mr. Inskip, chairman of the joint committee of directors. By these the demands of the men are practically conceded.



BIRCH-BARK CAMP OF ANGLERS.



"THE EGOTIST."—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. DVORAK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

"THE EGOTIST."

"Der Egoist" is the German title of the picture, by a foreign artist, reproduced in our Engraving. We cannot say whether it is designed as an illustration of the Darwinian hypothesis concerning the physiological "Descent of Man," or rather Ascent, from an advanced species of ape or monkey. But it seems to indicate a common quality of selfishness in their moral disposition. The child is not old enough to know any better; the monkey will never learn the precepts of "altruism," which is the doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to take or keep good from another. We are very sure that the human heart is capable of such generous sentiments, but nobody will blame a baby for being naturally greedy. The first instinct of animal life is self-preservation, which manifests itself chiefly in the desire for food. When one is hungry, or in fear of hunger, it is hard to believe that one has not a right to eat. What and how much may be conceded to appetite depends on considerations of social justice, as well as of prudence, which the infant mind is unable to perceive. In this respect, it must be confessed, the beginning of human life is necessarily egotistic; and so far there is some truth in the picture of both those little creatures, side by side.

NOVELS.

The Nugents of Carriconna. By Tighe Hopkins. Three vols. (Ward and Downey.)—A lively and interesting story of Irish family relations among the rural landlord class, with a humorous exhibition of social and individual eccentricities, and plenty of frank love-making brought to a happy conclusion, is presented in these entertaining volumes. The only person really unfortunate is Anthony Nugent, the squire of Carriconna, a stupid and obstinate elderly man, a widower having one son, Arthur, and living in the decayed old mansion with his maiden sister, Miss Barbara Nugent, in a rather shabby and sordid style. A brother in Australia has lately died, leaving a great deal of money to Anthony, whose mind is sadly unsettled by the acquisition of riches he does not know how to use. This fortune ought to have been the inheritance of his niece Dora, a clever, handsome, rather too artful young widow, Mrs. Lytton, who was harshly cast off by her father, at Melbourne, for marrying a dissipated surgeon, and now finds herself, at her husband's death, alone in Paris, without means of support. The Nugents at Carriconna are quite unaware of this lady's existence, but she has heard all about them. Her uncle Anthony takes a fancy to learn astronomy and to erect an observatory, with a costly telescope, on the top of an ancient tower near his house. He wants a scientific instructor and assistant, for which service he is advised to employ some competent female student, not insisting on a Girton or Newnham graduate. His advertisement is seen and answered by Mrs. Lytton, who thinks her admission to Carriconna may possibly enable her to get a share of the money bequeathed away from her by her unkind father. She comes to the dull old place, makes herself useful and agreeable, and is soon on friendly terms with the neighbours, including old Lady Frayne and her daughter, bright Lady Kitty, at Doyné Abbey, and Inspector Trenchard, a gentlemanly bachelor officer of the Irish Constabulary, living at Moyrath, within a mile or two.

The homeliness and simplicity of manners in the familiar intercourse between these households of reduced Irish gentry, having been accustomed to comparatively small incomes and expenses, will at once be observed, for Anthony and Barbara Nugent have made no change in their habits of living. Next comes Arthur Nugent, returned from an African expedition, very much in love with Lady Kitty, who considers herself engaged to him, and both these good young persons, aided by his sensible Aunt Barbara, conspire to persuade the tedious old Squire to consent to their speedy marriage. Instead of settling them without further delay and providing for their establishment, Anthony now begins to entertain suspicions that he will lose the money received under his deceased brother's will. He learns from the Melbourne lawyers that his brother's daughter is still living, and presently detects the identity of Mrs. Lytton with that dangerous person. But, keeping his own counsel, in a sullen, stealthy mood which becomes a kind of insanity, he makes repeated journeys to Dublin, withdraws thousands of pounds from the bank, and hides away the treasure—bags of gold and a box full of notes—in a secret chamber at the base of his ruinous old tower. Mrs. Lytton, having access to the tower for the use of the telescope, finds out this practice of her eccentric host, but makes no improper use of her knowledge. She becomes an object of passionate regard in the mind of Trenchard, a fine brave fellow, true and chivalrous in disposition, but unhappily addicted to opium, which he confesses, exciting her pity, and she resolves to help him in his struggle against that baneful vice.

Here are the principal characters, in a situation of considerable interest, which is by no means overstrained. It is relieved by various minor incidents, such as the local agrarian agitation, the boycotting of Lady Frayne's estate, obliging the gentlemen and the younger ladies to make hay and do other field labour, and the shooting at Trenchard, whose life is saved by Mrs. Lytton's act of courage. Finally, when she and Mr. Trenchard are married, with the best hope that he is quite cured of his terribly bad habit, poor old Anthony Nugent comes to a sad end. He is buried under the ruins of his tower, which has been partly demolished by a thunderstorm. Nobody knows what has become of his money, till Mrs. Lytton, declaring herself to be his niece, reveals the secret hoard. It is an ample fortune for the young couple, Arthur and Kitty, who persuade their clever cousin to accept a handsome share. The surviving Nugents of Carriconna are going to live a happy life, with their friends near at hand, and the reader will be much pleased.

The Lloyds of Ballymore. By Edith Rochfort. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—This also is an Irish story, not so amusing as "The Nugents of Carriconna," and saddened, at an early stage, by the cruel murder of the head of the family, a kindly squire who has, after embarrassing his estate by too easy and unthrifty management, found it necessary to evict a desperately bad tenant. His widow, a languid, helpless gentlewoman, with her two daughters, Milly and Ella, and her son Tom, are left to live on £200 a year, retiring to lodgings in the suburbs of Dublin. Before this disastrous change in their fortunes, we have some cheerful scenes of the hospitable country life of Irish gentry, visits of neighbours and friends, riding and driving, luncheon and dining, a grand ball at Sir James Kennedy's, a meet of the foxhounds—but the day's sport interrupted by mob violence—and the acquaintance of several pleasant people. Among these are the Rev. Mr. French, the wealthy and liberal Rector of Ballymore, and his pretty daughter Constance, an enthusiast for church decoration and music, frankly attached to Tom Lloyd. There is also the Hon. Hugh Ward, heir to a peerage and a fine estate, a good fellow, endowed with but small intellectual gifts, who would gladly take Milly Lloyd for his wife. But she, the high-minded heroine of the story, has bestowed her affections on Cecil Jervais, a hard-working Dublin

barrister and writer for a Conservative daily paper, who can also ride and shoot, throw a fly in the trout-stream, and is a good dancing partner. Jervais happens to be staying at Ballymore one Sunday, when Mr. Lloyd is shot dead by assassins of the Moonlight conspiracy in his walk home from the parish church. He renders much service to the distressed family, and assists Mr. French, Sir James Kennedy, and the local solicitor, Mr. Berry of Castleton, to adjust their affairs. Though impoverished and deprived of the comforts of their old home, which has to be sold, the two sisters do all they can in Dublin to cheer a mother in ailing health, while their brother Tom gets a situation as clerk in a bank. Yet another painful affliction soon befalls them: he is accused of stealing a large sum of money from a safe in the bank strong-room. There is no evidence against him except the fact that he and Mr. Johnstone, the branch bank manager, were the only persons who had access to the safe while the money was there. As Tom Lloyd was not proved to have been in possession of any money, beyond £10 lent him by Johnstone, and as there was nothing suspicious in his behaviour, we scarcely think the case would have gone to a trial. The authoress, however, may be excused a sounder view of the procedure of criminal law: she makes Tom owe his acquittal to the ability of his counsel, who is, of course, his best friend and his sister's lover, Mr. Jervais. It may be suggested that the counsel in such a case, feeling sure of the prisoner's innocence, and much distrusting Johnstone, might well have done more, besides getting an easy verdict of acquittal, to clear his client's character. He could have sharply cross-examined Mr. Johnstone, and would have had no difficulty in showing that, where £3000 had been misappropriated, the bank manager was as likely to have taken it as the simple clerk. What lessens our esteem for the Lloyd family, after the trial—the poor mother, indeed, is spared hearing of her son's trouble before her death—is their want of discernment and of moral courage, and Milly's causeless persuasion of her brother's guilt. Though all their friends, experienced and respected men of the world, believe in his honesty and offer to help him, this girl breaks off her engagement to Jervais from a notion that her family is disgraced; while Tom ignominiously runs away to the South African diamond-fields. The gloomy situation is at length relieved by the discovery that Johnstone, who had speculated largely with funds belonging to the bank, was the actual thief. He is found a dying fugitive in Spain, and his confession suffices to overcome Milly Lloyd's scruples when Jervais renews his suit for her hand. Tom is also found, in the hospital at Kimberley, by Constance French, who has gone out with a nursing sisterhood. He recovers, and comes home with her. Two happy marriages are in view at the end of the story.

The Way of Transgressors. By E. Rentoul Esler. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A salutary moral lesson is suggested by this title; and if we might believe, with the injured heroine, Malvina (usually called Viney or Nina) Grace, that a traitor's doom is worldly disgrace and ruin, our sense of probability, as well as of just retribution, would be satisfied with the fate of Bertram Lyall. He is an unprincipled young gentleman of good family, the favourite of a rich aunt, Lady Mildred, but addicted to flirting, a plausible and polite deceiver, who has made love to Viney, the well-educated daughter of the village grocer, and has basely jilted her to marry her schoolfellow, Miss Nellie Austin, an heiress with influential connections. Gaining lucrative practice as a lawyer in London, with a fashionable and expensive style of living, and with a seat in Parliament, he proceeds to further wicked courses; treats his dear little wife coldly, appropriates and wastes her fortune, seduces an innocent and orphan girl, Estelle Gilbert, of half-French parentage, by the artifice of a bigamous mock-marriage, and plunges into financial speculations, covering his losses by criminal frauds. We are not quite convinced, from ordinary experience and observation, that these obvious methods of temporal self-destruction lie in the usual "way of transgressors," when the beginning of evil in their lives has been such an act of cold-blooded selfishness as Bertie's trifling with the affections of Viney Grace. He would be more likely—be it said with no disparagement of Providence, whose ways are other than those of social ambition—to have maintained his outward prosperity by the exercise of a prudent cunning, like Mr. Dossett, the wealthy tradesman at Fordmouth, an equally bad scoundrel, who ruins Mr. Grace with the shares of a bankrupt company, and rises to be Mayor. It is certain that many cautious rogues do manage to thrive in their pecuniary transactions; and men who have been false of heart towards the women they made love them, preferring money to love and truth, do sometimes keep up a show of domestic respectability favourable to their worldly advancement. The representation of Bertram Lyall's infatuated career is therefore not manifestly accordant with the natural development of consequences from that species of misconduct. But the story has another moral, in the virtuous efforts of the Grace family, the honest father, the industrious mother, and the two intelligent and active girls, Viney and Chrissie, to gain an independent livelihood in London, after losing their home and the shop at Highfields. The elder sister, having had good boarding-school advantages, becomes a governess, while the younger, with some taste and talent for artistic decoration, is engaged as show-woman in a grand upholstery or cabinet-making warehouse; Mr. Grace also finds employment, and his wife, a good housekeeper, takes in lodgers, one of whom is Mr. Thornton, the zealous and sensible parish curate. These worthy people, in spite of past misfortunes, are evidently much happier than the despicable "transgressor," Bertram Lyall, and those about him, amid the splendid opulence of the West End; but when his crimes are detected and he hides away in the dark midnight, with thoughts of suicide, to meet a shocking death as he crosses the railway in front of an express train, we cannot doubt that moral integrity and fidelity have better promise, even for this life, than any line of vicious behaviour. The story is wholesome in tone, genial and sympathetic, with a shrewd perception of individual humours and caprices, among which those of Sam Close, a cousin of Mrs. Grace returned from California with plenty of gold, but pretending to be a poor man, are not the least amusing. The honest country attorney, Mr. Linskill, is another amusing and agreeable figure. Whether Viney and Chrissie, or either of them, finally marry, and who may be the future husband of either, let the reader of this novel find out at the end of the third volume.

Ko Meri, or, a Cycle of Cathay: A Story of New Zealand Life. By Jessie Weston. (Eden Remington and Co.)—The domestic and social life of English colonists in New Zealand, as well as in Australia, affords interesting themes for novel-writing at the hands of skilful lady-authors who have lived in those colonies; and this one-volume story, the scene of which is laid mainly at the fair city of Auckland, is an acceptable example of its kind. We only regret that its title has been encumbered with a couple of Maori words, and a phrase, equally obscure cited from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which can give no idea of the subject to the majority of readers. A feminine character of some originality, that of Mary Balmain, called a "half-caste," being the child of a

British officer by his marriage with the daughter of a Maori Chief, is the heroine of the tale. Left an orphan heiress in the charge of a venerable retired missionary at Auckland, this girl has been educated by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, a wealthy childless couple, receiving the usual instruction of an accomplished English young lady. One has heard of swarthy beauties, of such mixed race, who could figure to advantage in any European ball-room or drawing-room. In her black lace dress or her cream-coloured satin, with a diamond star in her hair, the "liberal curves" of her graceful form, the "warm brown of the oval face" and the wondrous depths of the large dark eyes seemed fascinating to Captain Deering, who also heard her rich singing and speaking voice, and walked or rode with her, again and again, in morning costume equally becoming, on the delightful shores of the Waitemata. He was an officer, on leave from the army in India, spending the holiday with his cousins the Daytons, near neighbours of the Morgans; and we are entertained with pleasing descriptions of the friendly intercourse between colonial families of the richer class dwelling in the suburban villas of Parnell. Their habits and manners remind us of the assured intimacy of many households of similar rank, in the last generation, in English country towns, among people who met frequently, and who had been acquainted all their lives. It rather surprises us, however, to learn that colonists enjoy so much leisure—that a profound scholar like Mr. Morgan is able there to spend his days in his library, stored with all the best works of classical and philosophical literature, and Mr. McCleod, the amateur horticulturist, in the cultivation of his costly garden. The scenery of that beautiful district, the volcanic hills, the native trees, ferns, and flowers, the harbour, the mountains, the islands of the Bay, and the features of the western seacoast across the narrow isthmus, are very well depicted. Church affairs, including the floral decoration of sacred interiors by the tasteful hands of zealous ladies at Christmas and Easter, occupy a share of attention. There is an English clergyman of independent views, Mr. Everard, who has declined preferment on account of his dissent from creeds and articles, but is preaching and labouring, nevertheless, in the service of Christ. He finds a congenial helpmeet in Miss Lenore Dayton, a high-souled, thoughtful young woman of cultured intelligence; but the superb half-caste maiden, dreamy, passionate, and fiercely proud of her Maori maternal ancestry, declines to be a Christian on any terms. When Mary, with this gipsy-like taint of wildness in her blood, accepts the love of the frank young English gentleman, and is taken by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan to England, with the purpose of marrying him on his return from India, there are many fears and warnings of a mystic change in her disposition. She grows impatient of the artificial civilisation in which her girlhood has been reared; she grieves, like many of the patriotic Maoris, at the decline of their once noble race, and the contemptuous tone in which they are spoken of provokes her fury. In London, received by some of her intended husband's family, taken to the opera and treated with other amusements of the fashionable world, she pines for her native land and for her mother's people. The terrible news that Captain Deering, the man whom she loved, has died in India, thus leaving her free, in spite of her great debt of gratitude to the Morgans, she gives way to an innate impulse, escapes from her kind English friends, returns alone to New Zealand, and joins her mother, Tapera, formerly the wife of General Balmain, now living with her savage tribe at Waitoa. There is no hope of recovering this strayed "half-caste" offspring of two incongruous races of mankind; Lenore Dayton goes to plead with her in vain. Good Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, after many years of loving care, have to mourn the loss of their darling; and the destiny of "Ko Meri" is fulfilled.

OUR TRADE WITH GERMANY.

The annual report of Consul-General Oppenheimer, Frankfurt, shows that the trade between Great Britain and Germany during the year 1889 has been rather satisfactory. Both in exports to and imports from Great Britain there was an increase in all articles of importance. German ironworks, overwhelmed as they were with orders, not having been, it appears, in a position to satisfy all demands, pig iron and iron wares were ordered from English foundries, and considerable quantities were imported. German agriculture, protected as it is through the tariff, is from year to year better enabled to employ English manures. The Consul-General adds: "It is well known that the statistics of goods exported to Great Britain from the German Customs Union include a great many shipments made to Transatlantic countries through British ports, which appear as British exports or imports on the table of statistics of the respective countries. A comparison of the table of exports from Germany to Great Britain shows that, in spite of the Merchandise Marks Act and other measures, exports from Germany to Great Britain have by no means decreased. It appears that quite a number of articles were shipped in larger quantities to and by way of Great Britain than in former years. The experience of the past year has demonstrated that the Merchandise Marks Act 1887, which has been extended to almost all the British Colonies by this time, far from damaging German export industry, has called the attention of foreign buyers to its capability, which prior to the coming in force of the Act had not been sufficiently appreciated. It appears that goods bearing the inscription 'made in Germany' are frequently demanded, and direct relations of German merchants with foreign purchasers have been increased."

Dr. B. W. Richardson has been elected President of the Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors, in succession to the late Sir Edwin Chadwick.

Mr. J. H. Thorn has presented Southampton with a handsomely framed portrait in oils of Charles Dibdin, the sailors' poet, who was born at the port in 1745. The portrait, which was presented on behalf of the poet's granddaughter, Mrs. Cecilia Ashe, was painted from life in 1800, by Kearsley, and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

During July the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate 93½ tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 64½ tons were wet fish and 29 tons were shellfish; 50 tons arrived by land and 43 tons by water. During the month the weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate was 13,393 tons, of which 8800 tons came by land and 4593 tons by water. The fish seized was at the rate of one ton in every 142 tons delivered.

The following gentlemen cadets of the senior division passed, with honours, the qualifying examination at the Royal Military College, in July 1890, for commissions in the Cavalry and Infantry: A. J. V. Durell, H. R. Blore, T. L. Ormiston, W. H. Norman, F. C. Ommanney, W. H. Anderson, H. J. Riddell, C. C. M. Maynard, A. E. Sealy, H. G. Young, F. R. Hicks, W. W. F. Musgrave, S. H. E. Nicholas, K. L. Mullens, C. E. Ayerst, N. R. Wilkinson, F. B. Morley, C. Devonshire, A. H. S. Hart, M. Greer, G. B. Sandford, K. E. Nangle, J. B. G. Tullock, F. W. Moffitt, C. Mansel-Jones, A. W. M. Brodie, N. B. Duncombe, H. G. M'L. Amos, A. C. Gabbett, W. A. Eaton, C. M. Dixon, J. W. Berthon, J. R. F. Elsmie, F. G. Gordon, F. E. Coningham, L. T. Stockwell, A. Menzies, J. G. H. Hamilton, and H. A. L. Tagart.



1. Feeling the Ball.

2. Preparing to Drive the Ball.

3. Driving the Ball.

4. After the Drive.

5. Putting the Ball.

6. A Dispute in the Score.

GOLF IN INDIA: PLAYING AT SECUNDERABAD, MADRAS.

Somebody has said that half the British nation plays golf; and the English, as well as the Scotch, have now certainly learnt to appreciate the charms of this game. Golf clubs exist in many of the larger stations of India, and the practice flourishes vigorously, in spite of many other attractions. Monthly and annual matches and tournaments are regularly played off. It is a game well suited to India, as very fine courses are usually available at most stations; and since very violent exertion, as in cricket and football, is not required, it can be played throughout the year—in the hot weather as well as in the cold.

At Secunderabad, the largest military station in India, a golf club exists, all of whose members are keen votaries of the game. In connection with this club, Colonel McInroy, a

well-known Indian golfer, on his recent retirement from the Madras Staff Corps, founded a gold medal, which is to be played for, monthly, by the Secunderabad golfers. The member who scores most wins at the close of the year keeps the medal. Our illustrations of some incidents connected with the game as played in India are supplied by Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, who is at Secunderabad with the 10th Madras Fusiliers.

The remarkable success recently achieved by Miss Piercy, in the medical examinations of the University of London, has been followed up by the ladies with no less distinction in the general list of honours. Miss Diana Jane Thomas stands at

the head of the first class in English, Miss Margaretha Stoor occupies the same place in French, and Miss Jane Holt is *facile princeps* in Experimental Physics. The names of women will be found also in the second and third classes in these and in other subjects.

The Isle of Wight County Council recently discussed the question of the appointment of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is Governor of the island, as Lord Lieutenant of the newly formed County of the Isle of Wight, and it was resolved that a memorial be sent to her Majesty the Queen praying that all powers, duties, and privileges usually enjoyed by the Lord Lieutenant may be vested in and exercised by the Governor of the Isle of Wight.



GOLFING ON MINCHINHAMPTON COMMON: A HAZARD ON THE LADIES' COURSE

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

GOLF IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Golfing, though now making rapid strides in public favour, is still an enigma to many people in England. But the game is simple enough, being a trial of skill between two players in driving a small ball from hole to hole over a course two or three miles in length; the said holes being some hundreds of yards apart, and the winner being he or she who does it with the fewest strokes. A game so easily described may hardly be thought capable of exciting much enthusiasm, but a walk round the course, or "links," with a good player will show what opportunities it presents for the exercise of skill, strength, judgment, and patience. Leaving out of account the difficulty of coaxing a ball by means of a stick, when only a few yards away, into a hole two or three inches across, we will just glance at what must be got over before it gets near to the hole. The fair player in our Artist's drawing has just succeeded in "holing" her ball, and is now about to make the first "drive" towards the next hole, marked by a small flag in the distance. For this stroke she is allowed to place it in as favourable a position as can be selected within certain limits; but afterwards, till the next hole is reached, the ball may be touched by nothing but a club, every such touch counting as a stroke. Immediately in front of her lies a quarry full of stones and impediments of every sort. This may be cleared by a fairly good "drive," but, alas! beyond it lies a pond; and, if this be avoided, then still farther on, where the ground dips, lurks the worst danger of all, in the shape of a road full of dreadful ruts; and only a golfer knows the despair in a closely contested game of seeing his ball lodge among a series of six-inch ruts. Let us hope that she will surmount all these difficulties safely; but this she certainly will not, unless her eye is true and her nerves are steady. As it is in the contests of one's own faculties against those of rival players that we find the chief pleasure of all such games, there seems no reason why golfing should not become a powerful candidate for the favour of our athletic young men and maidens. Its one drawback is the necessity of so large a space of ground to play it on; and in this respect the people of Gloucestershire are fortunate in having a lovely and extensive common as that of Minchinhampton for their golf. On the game, art, science, practice, and dignified institution of golf, considerable books have been written; but the one for present-day amateurs, who would be learned as well as expert in play, is a recent volume of the "Badminton Library," containing treatises by Mr. Andrew Lang, on the history of golf, Lord Wellwood, Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, the editor, Sir Walter Simpson, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, with practical instruction and advice, besides local and personal anecdotes, illustrated by numerous engravings. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his cursory historical notices, tells us of a Dutch game called "Kolf," and a Flemish game, "Chole," in which balls were knocked about with clubs, but these were not the same thing. Golf is essentially the art of putting a ball into a series of holes with the fewest strokes. It was used in Scotland in the sixteenth century, and was imported into England with the Stuarts. James VI. of that country—James I. of this—appointed Royal club-makers and ball-makers; and golf on Blackheath may have begun in his reign. His grandson, James Duke of York, patronised this game, which rivalled the "pell-mell," or "jeu de maille," favoured by Charles II. A few Scotsmen, visiting London, could play at golf on Wimbledon, Ascot Heath, or Moulsey Hurst Common; but the grand displays of this pastime, in the last century, were at Leith and Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and on St. Andrews Links, where a club was established in 1754, and which are still the headquarters of the "Royal Ancient," allied with the "East Neuk o' Fife." At Elie, at Montrose, at North Berwick, at Perth, and on the west coast of Scotland, on the Mull of Kintyre, and at Prestwick, in Ayrshire, the game is played with renowned skill. In England, the Hoylake ground, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, is highly celebrated; Westward Ho, on the North Devon coast; Minchinhampton, in Gloucestershire; Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight; Sandwich and Felixstowe, near Ipswich, afford good play; as well as the metropolitan grounds, Blackheath and Wimbledon. Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. John Ball, both Englishmen, have done much to extend and improve the game on this side of the Tweed.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. George Herbert, who is acting as private secretary (unpaid) to the Postmaster-General, and is the only surviving son of the late General the Right Hon. Sir Percy and Lady Mary Herbert, to the Hon. Violet Lane-Fox, younger daughter of the late Lord Conyers, took place on Aug. 21 at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Dean of Hereford officiating.

The marriage of Captain J. C. Arthington Walker, 19th Hussars, with Miss Lucy Isabel Hogg, youngest daughter of Sir Stuart Hogg, and niece of the late Lord Magheramorne, took place at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington, on Aug. 20.

The marriage of Mr. Leonard Sartoris, second son of Mr. Alfred Sartoris, J.P. of Berks and Gloucestershire, of Abbots Wood, Stow-in-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, and grandson of the late sixth Baron Barrington, with Miss Gertrude Liddell, second daughter of the late Sir Adolphus J. O. Liddell, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Aug. 16. The bride's brother, Mr. A. G. C. Liddell, gave her away; and Mr. Frank Sartoris, a brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The five bridesmaids were Lady Edith Villiers, Miss Gordon, Miss Jean Gordon, Lady Emily Lytton, and the Hon. Violet Mills. Among those present were Princess Christian and Princess Victoria and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The presents included a handsome moonstone and diamond brooch from the Princess of Wales, and a gold curb bracelet from Princess Christian.

An altar tomb to the memory of the late Prince Imperial of France, erected by Monsignor Goddard, was unveiled on Aug. 15 in the Roman Catholic Church at Chislehurst. It consists of a recumbent life-size figure of the Prince, attired in the uniform of the British Artillery, as worn by him in the Zulu campaign.

The members and friends of the Royal Archaeological Institute, now meeting at Gloucester, went by steamer, on Aug. 13, to Deerhurst and Tewkesbury. At Deerhurst they inspected the ancient Saxon church and remains of the priory, and at Tewkesbury the battle-field and the abbey. On the 14th the members held their annual business meeting, at which it was decided that the next congress should be in Edinburgh. They afterwards heard a paper from the Dean of Gloucester on the antiquities and associations of the city. Subsequently the members visited and minutely inspected the cathedral. On the 16th, Mr. Cecil T. Davis read a paper on the "Monumental Brasses of Gloucestershire." After luncheon the members went to Woodchester to inspect the Roman Villa, whence they proceeded to Prinknash Park the finest of the ancient residences of the old Abbots of Gloucester.

LONDON'S OPEN AIR PLAYHOUSES.

In the beautifully bright Summer weather we have been enjoying between the showers in London while "everybody," or nearly everybody, has been hurrying out of town, the favourite outdoor resorts have been much more largely attended than the theatres. It has been a real pleasure to know that the many and varied entertainments offered at the Crystal Palace have been highly appreciated by thousands of holiday-makers. In the way of rational recreation nothing, indeed, can surpass the liberal programme of the Crystal Palace on a popular day. Let the prodigious bill of fare on a recent Thursday serve as an example. The round of sights and amusements, presented from ten o'clock in the morning till half past ten at night, and all for one shilling, comprised, in addition to the ever-attractive Alhambra and Pompeian Courts and Picture and Sculpture Galleries, the Co-operative and Mining Exhibitions, the magnificent panorama of the battle of Rezonville, frequent instrumental concerts and organ recitals in the Handel orchestra, a brisk performance of the most successful Gaiety burlesque on record, "Faust Up to Date," the droll capers of Leoni Clarke's educated cats, rats, mice, and canaries, Lockhart's Elephants, and a diversity of brilliant allurements in the lovely gardens, which deserve a paragraph or two all to themselves.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham becomes a veritable Fairy Palace when the light glass building, endeared to the memories of so many, is gaily illuminated within, and when the lovely gardens, now in the prime of their Summer glory, are aglow with innumerable fairy-lamps. Aladdin's lamp could not have accomplished a more radiant transformation. The velvet lawns are ever delightful to stroll over, the tastefully disposed flower-beds a constant source of pleasure; but when the ten thousand extra glowworms begin to emit their variegated colours, and the evening air is musical with the strains of an inviting valse from the Rosery, the scene is irresistibly enchanting. It is the children's night; the Crystal Palace management being duly mindful that the holidays have begun for young and old alike. There are, consequently, a notable number of lads in Eton collars with their "sisters" and their cousins and their aunts, and materfamilias or paterfamilias to "pay the piper," strolling round the Rosery to the stimulating melody of Rheeder's "Mia Bella" valse. Soothed by the swing of the valse music, and, mayhap, tranquillised by the blue smoke of a fragrant cigar, the visitor sauntering down the grassy slope of the Rosery finds fresh gratification for the eye in the radiant illumination of the Tower Bridge traversing the large fountain-basins, in regarding the dextrous cyclists diligently training on the Palace cycle track, and in viewing the richly green background of trees behind the giant "Switchback" Railway. Another band now bursts forth into harmony, and draws you to a fresh orchestra, begemmed with ruby and emerald lights. There the Crystal Palace Company's own military band, conducted by Mr. Charles Godfrey jun., ravishes the ear with Waldteufel's exquisite valse "Dans tes yeux." These allurements do but lead up to a wondrously seductive and diverting Children's Firework Display, one of the grand pyrotechnic triumphs of those famous firework manufacturers Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. In the first place, after the opening salute by signal maroons, the wide-spreading grounds, with the lower fountain basins and water temples, are lit up by powerful tinted lights and coloured fires—in itself a scene of remarkable beauty calculated to interest the little ones, whose applause is heartiest, however, when a swarm of glittering butterflies fall from a number of mammoth rockets, when Brock's patent Firework Blondin goes through his funny evolutions, when a milky way of gold and jewels fills the night air, and then suddenly a snake is seen pursuing a butterfly, when a flight of whistling rockets is the next surprise, and when the droll summer pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is vividly represented by a culminating device of the ingenious Brock. It is no exaggeration to say that the delight of the hundreds of juvenile spectators knew no bounds while this dazzling, novel, and grotesque firework display took place.

The Manager of the Crystal Palace had yet another spectacle in store on that memorable Thursday night. This was the enticing open-air ballet of "The Witches' Haunt," the joint work of Mr. Oscar Barrett, the clever musical director, and of Madame Katti Lanner, the experienced teacher of the art of Terpsichore. Seated in this captivating open-air playhouse, breathing the balmy air of an August evening, one was pleased to find that this pretty ballet of "The Witches' Haunt" had been quite poetically treated. M. Wilhelm's fanciful costumes were handsomely realised, the multi-coloured garbs of the gipsies being most picturesque. Nothing could exceed the fairy-like lightness of the miniature coryphées, who shone particularly in the "Dance of Fascination" by the Wild-Flower Pixies; and nothing could have been more graceful than the chaste and modest *pas seuls* of Miss A. Macrow as the bewitching young heroine, Dora. Indeed, from first to last, most beauteous is this fine spectacular ballet of "The Witches' Haunt," the legend of which is contained in the following verses:—

In this wood there grows a tree.
If you chop it you shall see
Witches in fair forms revealed,
But beware, and do not yield!
He who at the midnight hour
Shall resist the witches' power,
To his true love we'll restore,
And make happy evermore.

Under the title of a "National Co-operative Festival," an exhibition was opened at the Crystal Palace on Aug. 16, and was patronised by over 34,000 persons. During the day a meeting was held, at which encouraging statistics were given of the progress made by the co-operative movement, and a resolution was passed inviting "its trade-unionist friends" to welcome every honest approach and offer made by capital in the interests of industrious peace.

In promotion of the work of technical education under the Act of 1889, the Town Council of Oxford have proposed, and the Science and Art Department have sanctioned, instruction in the following subjects as suited to the requirements of the district: (1) Wood carving, with lessons in design; (2) Drawing to scale as applied to practical work; (3) Manual training in the use of tools for working in wood and iron. Similarly, instruction at Rochdale has been sanctioned in cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving, cloth-weaving, and plumber's work.

The schooner Vesta, of Harwich, was seen to be flying signals of distress off Southwold, Suffolk, on the morning of Aug. 15. The lifeboat Quiver No. 2, belonging to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and stationed at Southwold, which was launched with great difficulty owing to the heavy sea, proceeded to the vessel, and found that she had lost her steering gear and was leaking. The crew, who were quite exhausted, gave up charge of the ship to the life-boatmen, who, with the assistance of a steam tug, took her into Yarmouth Harbour.

"WHERE LOFTY ELMS ABOUND."

This clump of elms—there are exactly seven of them—is a favourite resort of mine, when the grasshopper leaps i' the grass, and the warm haze rests on the distant meadows, and the panting kine seek the scant shelter of the nearest hedge, and all nature seems to faint and fail beneath the burden of the summer noon. The interlacing branches are so thick and near, their foliage is so dense, that a cool green shade prevails here, even when the fields just beyond are blinded, as it were, with excess of light. In the spring, when they redden with bud and bloom, they are noisy with the chatter of birds—especially of chaffinches, which are as partial to the elm as blackbirds to the oak; but now the winged populace is still, and scarce a sound disturbs the sweet repose. Few of our woodland trees (do any?) surpass the elm in dignity of aspect. An avenue of elms—"all overarched with lofty elms"—like that, for instance, at Ham, in Surrey, which is haunted by the memories of Swift and Pope and Gay—is surely a beautiful thing to look upon. But so is a group or cluster like this, "o'er-canopying" me now with "umbrageous roof," and so, too, is a single tree, standing strong, stalwart, and erect—some fifteen to eighteen feet in girth, and eighty to ninety feet in stature—with fine spreading boughs, not struggling and diffuse, but compact and close, well knit together and to the parent trunk—"A goodly tree, that thrice the human span, While on their variegated course The constant seasons ran, Through gale and hail and fiery bolt," stands as upright as Man! Whether *Ulmus campestris*, or *Ulmus c. alba*, or *Ulmus c. latifolia*, 'tis always a noble ornament "in field and hedge, in copse and wooded park."

There are those, however, who look upon it with aversion; because, from the strength and toughness of its wood, and the resistance it offers to the action of water, it is much esteemed for the making of humanity's last home. Elm coffins have always been in vogue for peer and peasant, Dives and Lazarus. He who has been homeless in his weary life-wandering is taken to his bourn by the elm at last. As Hood puts it: "The tattered, lean, dejected wretch Who begs from door to door. . . The friendly elm doth lodge and clothe That houseless man and poor." As this kind of association invests it with a grave and solemn character, superstition has been led to mark it as its own. For my part, I think it should rather endear the tree to all sensible persons, when the tie between it and them is so very close. Why should we shrink, as so many of us do, from whatever reminds us of our mortality? The "hic jacet" must be said of each some day; and Sir Thomas Browne teaches that we shall be none the worse for frequent meditation on what is inevitable. The unlettered hind may glance askance at the friendly elm because it is a "coffin-tree"; but the man of sense, filled with the Christian hope and the Christian faith, will welcome it as an additional claim upon his kindly recognition.

Yet it is possible enough to cherish a diseased sentiment of mortality. Though Sarah Bernhardt may carry her coffin about with her on all her journeys, such a *memento mori* is not to everybody's taste, and the eccentricity (to put it mildly) by no means calls for imitation. An Irish General, named Brown, who won some distinction in the Russian wars, had a similarly unwholesome fancy. So, too, Lord Nelson set up in his cabin the coffin made from the mainmast of the French flag-ship L'Orient, which blew up at the Nile; but then it was a gift from his brother-in-arms, Sir Benjamin Halliwell. There was a German historian, one Jean Paul Grandling, whose devotion to Bacchus rivalled his homage to Clio. He too indulged in the whim of placing his coffin among his everyday belongings, but at least he had the sense to make some use of it. He stowed away in its interior his flasks of Rhenish—made of it, in fact, a wine-cellar. Philip II. of France was another of these coffin-devotees; but his coffin was made not of elm but of bronze. Then there was Jeanne Arnaud, a member of the famous Jansenist family. She caused her coffin to be made by a first-rate artist, and insisted that it should be carefully morticed; because, she said, she was afraid of draughts. This provident lady made herself a mortuary cloth of embroidered white satin, and stored up three dozen wax tapers to be used at her funeral. The great German Emperor Maximilian caused to be made a fine elm coffin; also a pall, and everything else requisite for a first-class funeral—fit for an Emperor. The whole he stowed away in a capacious chest, which accompanied him wherever he went, and the key of which was suspended always from his neck.

Some morbid minds have carried this coquetry with death a step further. In an old French writer I read of one Guillaume Descalquens, who, in 1326, while sound of limb and "compos mentis," had his obsequies performed under his own direction, with a view to the nice adjustment of every detail. The funeral service was duly attended by his official colleagues, a large number of persons being specially invited. The performance was charmingly complete—a kind of full-dress rehearsal. There was Descalquens himself, in his coffin, with his palms folded, and his body finely vested, while forty torches blazed around him. When mass had been chanted the acolytes swung their fragrant censers to and fro; nothing was left undone but the lowering of the coffin into the vault. Instead of this it was carried behind the high altar; Descalquens stepped out of it, threw off his mortuary garments, and resumed his ordinary dress. Then everybody went home with him to partake of the funeral baked meats.

It is clear, therefore, that the Emperor Charles V. could not claim the credit of an original idea, when, in the seclusion of the monastery of San Yuste, whither he had retired after his abdication, he resolved on celebrating his own funeral. For this purpose a catafalque was erected in the convent chapel, and his servants marched thither in gloomy procession, carrying black tapers in their hands. The Emperor followed in his shroud. With all proper solemnity he was laid in his coffin. The office for the dead was chanted, and he joined in the prayers which were recited for the repose of his soul. The ceremony at an end, the chapel gates were closed, and Charles, emerging from his coffin, retired to his private apartment. Whether it was that the length of the ceremony had over-fatigued him, or that the gloomy accessories had too strongly impressed his nerves, certain it is that on the following day he was seized with a fever, of which he died about a month after, when his funeral again took place, and this second time he did not return!

"Where leafy elms abound," these reminiscences of the strange freaks men sometimes play in the very consciousness of their mortality, seem not altogether out of place. And yet, with the blue sky above, and the glory of summer all around, and a sense of vitality and motion in the genial air, we soon turn our mind to livelier thoughts, and conclude that, in more ways than one, sufficient for the day is the good thereof—the good which comes from the Author of all good—the good which lies about our path always and everywhere, and makes life so sweet and wholesome.

O. Y.

A new Astronomical Society, the British, has been formed, to meet the views and requirements of those who have been unable to join the older institution. A provisional committee has been appointed.

A WORD ABOUT "TIPS."

One may well leave it to others to show by what precise philological reversion or other process the verb "to tip" has become metamorphosed, in common parlance, to imply the giving of a donour to a servant for services rendered—or, one may too often with truth add, for no services rendered at all. Truth to tell, the tipping custom has become such a crying nuisance that, as an irate person once remarked, the inclination to "tip" somebody head over heels, is a natural result of the impatience with which the grievance is making itself felt in social life. For there is no denying the fact that tips to waiters, cabmen, servants, hotel-porters, and others of that ilk, are to the ordinary mortal a very serious form of tax. Talk of the income tax! The amount which a citizen of the world, who moves about within even a narrow circle, has to disburse in the shape of fees and gratuities, is positively alarming; and a new tax has been levied upon us, which throws every form of State contribution (Queen's taxes included) completely into the shade. That the tipping system is extending its feelers, like some insatiable octopus, through all the grades of social life, is a painful but most material and aggravating fact.

Only the other day I entered a hairdresser's shop in the Metropolis, to undergo the usual tonsorial operation. As I raised my eyes to contemplate the newest and most entertaining literature in the form of soap and other advertisements which adorn the walls of this spick-and-span establishment, I encountered the most gratifying legend it has been my lot to see for many a long day. "Gentlemen," said the legend, "are politely requested" (mark the extremely urbane character of the announcement!) "to refrain from feeling the attendants." Ha! thought I; the light of reason is beginning at length to dawn on the benighted English intellect. This is the thin end of the wedge. Mighty innovations often spring from small beginnings. A flea-bite, so it is said (suffered on the royal person, and producing a fit of ill-temper), has produced a Revolution. The legend of the hairdresser's shop may, in time, sweep away the tips of the million, and leave the true-born Briton in the joyful knowledge that he need no longer pay 25 per cent. additional to either the cabman who drives him 1760 yards, or to the waiter who hands him a cup of coffee. One may, it is true, have joined the majority long before that happy consummation is attained; but I have at last begun to live in hope: and I have taken fifty of that hairdresser's cards for distribution among my friends, with the result (so far) of being accused of possessing a pecuniary interest in the barber's welfare. But lofty motives are, of course, always liable to be misconstrued; and, as I say, I live in hope.

Seriously speaking, though, it is difficult to assume a calm one does not feel on this matter. Let anyone ask himself (I do not add "or herself," for ladies, I have reason to believe, do not give "tips"—more power to them! and hence the rows with the cabmen) why he should give a "tip," and I make bold to imagine he will find it difficult to reply in a sensible manner. Suppose my railway porter carries my luggage to the train from my cab. Well, what then? Is not that his business, and is not he paid for doing this thing all day long by the company he has the honour to serve? Admitted *nem. com.*, of course, by the opposition: but a plea in rejoinder is put in that Bill Snooks the porter is badly paid, and needs a "tip." Feeble argument! Illogical reasoning! Am I to pay Bill's wages, and to discharge an act of philanthropy to a railway company in which I have not even the interest which accrues to shares, that render one a moderate return? Let Bill strike: he will be quite in the fashion, and, when he is well paid, what next? "Tips," as before. In plain language, I am to pay Mr. Snooks for doing work which he is already paid a fair wage for doing—nay, more, work which is Mr. Snooks's very *raison d'être*.

Or, again, mine host of the Tabard Inn, in rendering me his little "addition" for a twelve-hours sojourn under his hospitable roof (I arrived at 9 p.m., and I leave him at 9 a.m.), charges me a fair but remunerative price for supper, bed, and breakfast. But in the "dem'd tottle," as Mr. Mantalini would have said, I find included a charge of "attendance, 1s. 6d." Now, as I could not have served my own supper, or made my own breakfast, it seems only rational to conclude that servants must be provided to perform these simple but necessary operations. For an amount of service, which, to say the least, was infinitesimal, I am charged at the rate of a weekly wage of ten shillings and sixpence; so that, theoretically (mark I say theoretically), mine host's guests are made thus to pay mine host's servants. Now comes the grievance—I have found a real grievance at last—mine host pockets that eighteenpence, which is, I say, an unjust tax of so much per cent. on the price I have paid for what I really receive at the hands of Boniface. So, in the revolution of the future, hotel "attendance" will go first by the board. If I am alive to carry a red flag in those days, I will see to this myself.

I have not done with mine host yet awhile. This is what happens to me when I depart from his portals. The "boots" seizes my Gladstone bag to convey it to the hansom in waiting. The cabman is lying in wait, of course—hansom is that hansom does!—but that is neither here nor there. The waiter collars my umbrella, the page-boy has annexed my travelling-rug, and the hall-porter has so far allowed his feelings to prevail, as to cling lovingly to my hat-box. The chambermaid has smirked at me on the landing, and has asked if a certain red bandana handkerchief (savouring of snuff, which I detest) belongs to me. My politeness in refusing to own it is entirely thrown away on the person in the cap: she wanted her "tip," and did not get it. Then I have to run the blockade. The waiter, page-boy, and hall-porter have united their forces; and, unless my moral courage supports me, I am fated to part with at least five shillings over and above the eighteenpence of which mine host has already robbed me. Need I add what happens? When one's peace of mind is in danger, money is as water. I succumb to the custom of the country, and I lean back in the hansom reflecting that at the station I am in for what the schoolboys call "a beastly row" with the Jehu who is now sitting above me, and who will presently (in a metaphorical sense) sit on me at the terminus, when I refuse his demand for backsheesh and blackmail. I have had my say, and I feel mentally relieved. When the revolution against "tips" dawns, may I be there to see! Meanwhile, I have entered my protest against this absurd system of taxation, and I shall preserve my words, because one never knows how soon the day of our liberation may dawn.

A. W.

From the statistics prepared by Mr. Pike, Postmaster of the House of Commons, relating to the business transacted in the Lobby during the Session just closed, it appears that 416 money-orders were issued and paid, and 7261 postal orders. Nearly 70,000 telegrams were forwarded and received, and stamps exceeding the value of £3000 were sold. The daily average of letters delivered at the House was 12,000, and the number posted was 3700. Evidently Mr. Pike's office is no sinecure, and, if public business does not always make the progress that could be wished, hon. members themselves seem to have enough to do in the way of correspondence.

THE PET DEER OF THE 4TH BATTALION WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

For some years past the Worcestershire Militia had possessed a tame female deer, which was wont to accompany the battalion in camp, in quarters, and on the march. To the grief of all her comrades, Jenny succumbed a few months ago to the fatigues of a soldier's life. Her memory was held in much respect, and a desire was expressed that another animal of the same species should be invited to succeed to the position. The herd at Spetchley Park, in the county of Worcester, the seat of Mr. Robert and Lady Catherine Berkeley, was requisitioned for a successor. There are associations which properly connect Spetchley Park with the Militia of Worcestershire. In the time of the Civil War, the old Militia of this county adhered to the fortunes of the Royalist party. Among the noble families who sided with Charles I., none were more steadfast and loyal than the Berkeleys.

The new pet of the regiment, who bears the name of "Tommy," has been nursed and trained by Corporal Davis, the big drummer of the battalion. Tommy has already been initiated into the mysteries of a soldier's life. He marches with as much regularity and precision as the smartest man in the battalion. His little scarlet uniform coat, with regimental facings and badges, is as spotless and clean as that of the cleanest non-commissioned officer. No one is more regular on parade than Tommy. When off duty, he shares the pleasures and amusements of his comrades, and may often be seen, in the regimental canteen, listening with rapt attention to the songs and choruses of his fellow-soldiers.

Tommy at present occupies the position of drummer-boy; he accompanies the drum-and-fife band with unfailing regularity, and, when dressed in his regimentals, attracts a large



TOMMY, THE PET DEER OF THE 4TH BATTALION WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

share of public admiration. His strict attention to duty has won the favour of the Colonel and officers, and his name has been noted for early promotion. Indeed, a distinguished military career has been prophesied for Tommy: perhaps he will get the Victoria Cross. Our illustration is from a photograph by T. Bennett and Sons, of Worcester and Malvern.

THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

The erection of this building, which is yet far from completion according to the design of its promoters, has been an object much desired by influential members of the Church of England for several years past. The portion already occupied in Dean's-yard, adjacent to Westminster Abbey, by the Council and officers of the Church House Corporation, affords sufficient accommodation for ordinary business, and contains a library of 9000 volumes. The first annual general meeting of subscribers, on these premises, was held on June 26, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided, with the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Carlisle, gave a satisfactory explanation of the progress of the undertaking. By the efforts of the Council, including the Lord Chancellor of England and Lord Justice Cotton, and by the valuable services of Messrs. Freshfield, preliminary difficulties had been overcome; and in due time they would have a noble block of buildings, in an historic and convenient site, which would combine everything necessary for carrying on the work of the Church. They now appealed for funds to build, and they had £9200 to start with. They proposed to build the great hall for meetings and rooms for the Houses of Convocation and the House of Laymen, besides other offices; so they were making a real beginning of the actual working part of the Church House. They needed altogether £35,000, and the question was how to raise this amount in about four or five years. One liberal offer of £1000, on condition that twenty others would each give the same, payable by instalments within five years, had just been received from a life-member of the Corporation, who wished his name at present to remain unpublished. After the business meeting at the Church House, the Duke of Westminster invited a number of the honorary local secretaries and other supporters of the movement to meet a large company at Grosvenor House, and to hear addresses delivered on the progress made during the last two years. This was followed by a garden-party in the grounds of Grosvenor House, at which 3000 guests were present, including Prince and Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The result of the two meetings has been an addition of over £5000 to the building fund; and we believe that the amount required for the completion of the entire design will soon be provided by friends of the Church.

A GLIMPSE OF ROME.

Verily a change has come over the city of the Cæsars, but whether for better or for worse will be decided according to the temperament of the observer. Much of the old-world beauty that woke wonder and delight in the artist, much of the mediævalism associated with history and legend to the student, has been swept away for ever; and such monuments as remain have been garnished and restored to an extent that has materially detracted from their interest, and dealt death-blows to their picturesqueness.

Right through the capital runs the Via Nazionale, a modern broad thoroughfare, noisy with the roll of tram-cars, and flanked on each side by brand-new shops, with plate-glass windows, bearing familiar advertisements. In its course it passes through what were once the gardens in which Nero witnessed the burning of Rome, sweeps close to the Forum of Trajan, and terminates, at one end, in the Piazza di Venezia, a corner of a seventeenth-century palace having been cut away to give it a wider curve. The houses of the narrow streets and dark lanes of the Ghetto, running close by the yellow waters of the Tiber—the quarter set aside by Paul IV. for the Children of Israel—have been levelled to the ground. The Colosseum has had some of its arches and arcades restored, a new stone staircase has been built, its passages are laid down with cement, its central space is partially excavated, so that one sees the dens where, in far-off days, five thousand wild animals were kept, before being taken out to be slaughtered in the combats lasting a hundred days, to the delight of all Rome.

But where streets have been razed, and gardens stood in the city, and waste spots grass-grown and airy in the suburbs, stretched towards the joyous freedom of the fields, new houses have risen, built of red brick, many-storeyed, glaring, adorned with stucco, unsubstantial, a contrast in size, colour, and architecture to the massive-walled, noble-looking, dark-hued structures which they replace or contrast.

Though the hand of the modern mechanic is upon the city, he cannot quite destroy its beauty and delight, cannot eradicate its old-world charm, or remove the fascination, subtle and strong, which it holds for many. For no city in Europe can present such a sight as may be seen towards sunset, from the broad projecting terrace of the Pincio gardens, where, in days of yore, Lucullus and his followers, crowned with garlands, sated with song, and made wanton with wine, held high revels. Immediately beneath the terrace is the sun-baked Piazza del Popolo; in its centre, raised high above a fountain fed by water-spouting lionesses, stands the obelisk brought from Heliopolis, and dedicated to the sun. A little northward is a city gate, erected in the sixteenth century; and close beside it, yellow-walled and time-stained, is the Augustinian monastery where Luther was lodged during his visit to Rome. Beyond, in a tangled network, lies the city, a mass of buildings intersected by intricate streets; a maze of towers, steeples, domes, and belfries of churches, terraced roofs of houses, colonnaded fronts of temples, while distant yet distinct, rising above all on its imperial height, is St. Peter's, its great dome looming black and massive against a lurid sea of crimson light.

Suddenly the sun sets, and a bell close by rings out the first notes of the Ave Maria, when from every church throughout the length and breadth of Rome comes a wild peal of answering chimes in every tone, in every key; pausing now as if to take rest, beginning anon; one heard in advance, the others chiming in chorus like the muttered responses of monks in their choir, until at last they gradually cease, final strokes like faint echoes coming from some white-walled convent or distant monastery in the wide and lonely campagna beyond, across which darkness gathers rapidly.

Night comes quickly; but if, when the visitor has dined to his satisfaction, and a moon sails in the sky, he had best betake himself to the Colosseum and see its massive arches showing white in the light, or buried deep in shadows, its desolation manifest, its silence unbroken save for the rustling of leaves upon the trees outside, only the story of its magnificence and triumphs, the scenes of its tragedies and bloodshed, remaining. Or, if he does not care to travel so far afield, he can walk to the fountain of Trevi. As he approaches by narrow and winding streets the Palazzo Poli, against which it is erected, he will hear sounds of rushing waters. Its source rises far away in the Campagna, whence it was first conducted by Marcus Agrippa by means of a subterranean channel fourteen miles in length, to supply his baths at the Pantheon, years before Christ was born. But nearly fifteen centuries later Nicholas V. had the main stream brought here, where it gives a daily supply of about thirteen million cubic feet of water. Neptune, standing in the centre, stems the torrent, while figures of Health and Fertility are at his right and at his left.

It is protected from the street by a broad low parapet, where groups sit and chatter and smoke cigars. Here gossip the master of the café beyond, in which a faint yellow flame burns at the feet of a Madonna, a peasant in his velvet knee-breeches, coloured sash, and wide-brimmed sombrero, who has just come from the mountains with his herd of goats, a workman in his shirt-sleeves and modern-cut clothes, who descends on the taxes under which they groan, the high price of provisions, the difficulties of life as compared with the easy-going times in which his fathers lived. Steps lead to gurgling and splashing waters sparkling in the moonlight; and down these, women trip with quaint-shaped earthen pitchers, which, in returning, they balance on their heads, their figures upright, their movements graceful, their tread light as fawns; and like the fawn's are their eyes—dark, lustrous, gentle.

Unhappily, they have abandoned the graceful costume with which we see Italian women clad in pictures, on the operatic stage, and occasionally in the streets of London. The white square headdress, coloured velvet corset, short striped skirt, amber necklace, and big earrings are now only worn in Rome by those who sit in groups on the old yellow stone steps leading to the Trinità de Monte, posing for the benefit of artists who pass the way, bent for the French Academy. The Corso and the principal thoroughfares are peopled by those clad in French or English fashion, the lace headdresses of women, the voluminous cloaks, once universally worn by men, being things of the past. But occasionally colour and picturesqueness are given to the crowd as one encounters nuns in flowing garments of white, red, or blue, and Capucini monks in cowl and sandals, rosary beads hanging from their girdles, beards falling on their breasts, looking as if they stepped from pictures by Guido Reni or Paolo Veronese. J. F. M.

The Iverna, Yarana, Thistle, and Valkyrie started for the Rear-Commodore's prize in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde, on Aug. 13. After a splendid race the Iverna took the first and the Yarana the second prize. In the second race the Castanet, Deerhound, and Creole started. The Creole won the first prize of £40; the Deerhound, second, £20. In the third race the Dragon (F. C. Hill) took first and the Volzie (Captain Towers Clark) second. On the 14th the Town Cup was won by the Iverna, the second prize being taken by the Deerhound. The other starters were the Thistle, Valkyrie, Wendur, Creole, and White Slave.



THE CHURCH HOUSE: PROPOSED FRONT IN DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.



THE CHURCH HOUSE: PROPOSED FRONT IN GREAT SMITH STREET, WESTMINSTER.



1, 2, 3. Solomon Islanders.

4. Fijian Gentleman.

5. Fijian Policemen.

6. Fijian Native.

SKETCHES OF NATIVE LIFE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS, BY MR. ERNEST W. HENDERSON.

SCENES IN SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

An interesting collection of fine photographic views, groups, and figures, taken by Mr. Ernest W. Henderson during a six months' cruise on board the yacht Sybil among the different islands of the South Pacific Ocean, is published by Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co., of 271 and 273, Oxford-street; and they may be purchased either separately or mounted and bound together in a handsome album; they are exhibited, also, at the Oxford-street Gallery. They comprise examples from Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, Raratonga, Savage Island, and the Solomon Islands, also some from New Zealand.

The pictures of Fiji are very striking; they present grand waterfall, river, and mountain scenery of a varied character. The sugar-cane, banana, and cocoa-nut plantations, Fijian houses, and the special studies of different kinds of palms, fronds, and other botanical specimens, are of peculiar interest. The portraiture of the natives, with their canoes, arms, and dress, is in many cases perfectly unique—similar subjects never having been taken before.

The Samoan girls make pretty and effective pictures, and in several groups are shown preparing the native drink, "kava." The Solomon Island photographs afford excellent examples of the natives, the majority of whom are, at the present time, cannibals of the worst description. Their war canoes, devil-houses, and warriors in full fighting costume, with their weapons, bows and arrows, clubs and spears, will be found of great interest. The Tonga and Savage Islands are illustrated by numerous views, with the peculiar houses made of cocoa-nut leaves, the missionary church, and King George of Tonga's Palace, erected by the Rev. Mr. Baker. The girls, in their picturesque attire, make very characteristic figures.

The views of the North Island of New Zealand comprise two of the city of Auckland, and many of the Hot Lakes volcanic district in the interior; the remains of the celebrated Pink and White Terraces of Lake Rotomahana, almost destroyed by the eruption of Mount Tarawera, in 1886, the craters of the volcano, geysers, and thermal springs, and primeval forest scenery in other districts.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Queen's (Windsor Great Park) Company of the Berkshire Volunteers held its annual meeting on Aug. 16 upon the Royal demesne near Queen Anne's Ride. Her Majesty, Prince Christian, Major Walter Campbell, Colonel Gordon, Baron Schröder, and Captain Simmonds subscribed for the prizes. Private W. Lightfoot won the first prize, with a score of 67; Private Collyer securing the second, with 63; and Private Wye the third, with 62. Captain Simmonds presided at the dinner.

A Volunteer Engineer Camp has been formed at Chatham by the officers and men of various Engineer Volunteer Corps of Great Britain, the Volunteers being instructed in military engineering in all its branches, on the dépôt field works at Brompton and Upnor.

The Artillery Volunteers, first and second division, have held their competition meeting at Shoeburyness, there being some excellent shooting.

The officers of all the Volunteer Corps of Swansea have entertained Mr. Dillwyn, M.P., at a banquet, and, in recognition of his services to the Volunteer force, presented to him an illuminated address. Mr. Dillwyn recently relinquished the command of the 3rd Glamorgan Rifle Volunteers.

Three battalions of infantry—the 2nd Royal Scots, 1st Devonshire, and 1st King's Rifles—which had been encamped for a week on the site of the National Rifle Association's camp at Bisley for musketry practice at the new ranges, were exercised in extensive field-firing operations, on Aug. 16. Major-General Forestier Walker was in command.

An important rifle-match between the instructional staff of the Hythe School of Musketry and a team of the South London Rifle Club, an organisation comprising most of the best shots of the metropolitan Volunteers, took place on Aug. 16 at the Government ranges, Hythe, in a gale of wind blowing from the left front. The scoring was consequently low. The Hythe staff won by twenty-one points.

The class lists of the higher local examinations again show a large number of successes on the part of women students at most of the leading colleges. The Lowman's Prize for the highest candidate in Group A, among those engaged in or preparing for the work of tuition, has been awarded to Miss E. M. Wright, 79, Kyewinch-lane, Highgate. Gratuities of £5 each are given to five candidates highest in the examination who answer to the above condition. These have been awarded to Miss S. M. Bloch, East Moulsey, Surrey; Miss J. V. Naish, Wilton, Salisbury; Miss M. A. Booty, 60, Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells; Miss M. Beardsley, 32, Cambridge-street, Pimlico, S.W.; and Miss A. Frane, Ellerslie, Victoria-park, Manchester.

The number of paupers in England and Wales, which had been decreasing every week since the first week in March, continued to fall during June, till in the fourth week of that month the total number was 664,141, 165,131 of whom received indoor and 499,010 outdoor relief. This number is not only the lowest of any week in the present year, but is also the lowest recorded in the last week of June in any year since 1857. The proportion of paupers to every 1000 of the population (which is estimated at 29,015,613) fell to 22.9. Last year the proportion—the lowest recorded up to that time—was 23.9. In the Metropolis, of which the population is estimated at 4,351,758, the number of paupers was 87,600, or 20.1 in the 1000—the lowest yet recorded.

The annual report of Sir John B. Monckton, the Town Clerk, and Dr. R. R. Sharpe, the Records Clerk, on Corporation Records, indicates the progress made during the year in indexing, calendaring, and arranging the valuable documents and archives in the possession of the City. The calendar of wills enrolled in the Court of Husting from A.D. 1258 to 1638 has been completed. The first part has been utilised both at home and abroad by genealogists and those engaged in antiquarian research. The second part is now being put through the press as speedily as possible, and an exhaustive index is being prepared. No fewer than 3500 wills in all are calendared. It is proposed to write an introduction to the second volume treating of the subject-matter of the whole of the wills enrolled; but little more can be attempted than to group together bequests of household chattels, wearing apparel, furs, armour, tapestry, &c., and to give a brief explanation of the nature of each, with a passing allusion to the sumptuary laws. Bequests of vestments, missals, breviaries, relics, &c., to churches, bequests to hermits and anchorites, and other objects of the bounty of charitable citizens all possess interest to the student of mediæval life, and as such will receive the attention they deserve. Among the wills calendared in the second volume are those of William Walworth, Sir John Philpot, John Northampton, Nicholas Exton, Richard Whittington or Whityngton, four times Lord Mayor, Dean Colet, Sir Andrew Judde, Sir Thomas Gresham, and others, while the will of Alexander Farnell, enrolled in 1440, is remarkable for being the first enrolled in the Court of Husting which is in English.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

REPOSAM (Kensington).—We cannot at the moment refer to the file in reference to No. 2383, but will do so at the earliest opportunity.

J. B. S. (Manchester).—We entirely agree with the spirit of your own letter and its enclosure, but the question of chess professionalism is involved, and it is too thorny for us to handle in our limited space. We think, however, backers who are usually gentlemen of means should be content to have returned nothing more than their contribution to the stakes.

W. F. S.—We are unfortunately not in a position to speak with authority, but our impression is certainly the same as yours.

C. M. A. B.—We will answer your question after the holidays.

A. E. Dams (Horsesham).—Thanks for problem, which shall have attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2411 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Trunkur); of No. 2413 from Emil Frau and Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2415 from F. Huttlinger, E. W. Brook, L. Schlu, and H. S. B. (Fairholme); of No. 2416 from F. Huttlinger, V. (Guernsey), W. Barrett, Rev. W. G. H. and H. Chown; of No. 2417 from Donald Greenwell, Rev. C. T. Salusbury, W. Barrett, V. (Guernsey), F. Huttlinger, L. Schlu, Dr. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Hall, A. E. Dams, Captain J. A. Challice, G. Esposito (Law), M. R. Fitzmaurice, J. H. Bunting, W. Waterfield (Plymouth), E. W. Brook, Delta, P. H. Fell, and E. E.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2418 received from T. G. (Ware), Druce Dale, Emil Frau, E. Louden, W. Barrett, J. C. Tabor, M. R. Fitzmaurice, Dawn, E. Casella (Paris), W. David (Cardiff), R. F. N. Banks, E. R. H. Sladforth, M. Burke, Odham Club, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Fr. Fernando, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Lieut. Col. Loran, A. Newman, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Gaud, Julia Short (Exeter), T. Roberts, P. C. (Shrewsbury), F. S. Bishop, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), H. S. B. (Fairholme), J. Hall, Columbus, R. H. Brooks, Mrs. E. Willis, H. Chown, Martin F. Jupiter Junior, N. Harris, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), B. D. Knox, J. H. Bunting, Spec, W. Waterfield, C. E. Perugini, Dr. F. St., Clement Harris, Hereward, W. R. Raillem, A. Gwinner, and A. E. Dams.

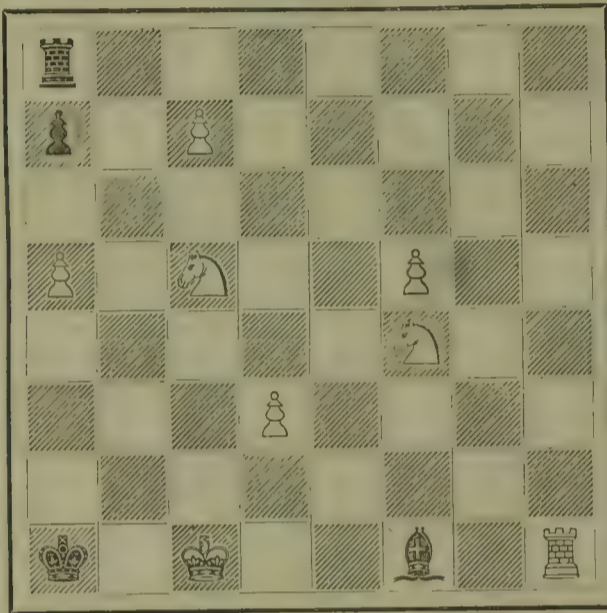
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2416. By SIGNOR ASPA.

WHITE.
1. R to Kt sq.
2. Q takes Kt
3. Q takes R P. Mate
If Black play 1. K takes Kt, then 2. Q to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2420.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SOUTH SHIELDS.

Game between Messrs. G. C. HEYWOOD and J. S. ROBSON. The former giving odds of Q and Kt and move.

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. B to Q 2nd, Black plays P to Q 6th, &c.	
2. P to K 5th	P to K 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P to K 2nd		
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	19. R to Q 3rd	R takes P
5. P to K B 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	20. P takes P	B takes Kt
6. P to K R 3rd	P to K 3rd	21. B takes B	R takes B
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th	22. R takes R	R takes R
8. Kt to K 2nd	P to K B 3rd	23. Kt to K 4th	P takes P
9. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	24. B takes P	R to B sq
10. Kt to Kt 3rd	P takes P	25. R to Kt sq	R to Q B sq (ch)
11. Q P takes P	B to Q 2nd	26. K to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
12. B to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd	27. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
13. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	28. Q to K Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
14. Q to Kt 3rd		29. K to K 3rd	R to B 6th
		30. Q to B 4th	

White has played a capital opening, but this sort of the Queen only drives Black's Bishop whether it would go.

14. B to B 3rd
15. B to K 2nd Castles (K R)
16. Castles (Q R) Q R to Q B sq.

Black's plan is to push P to Q 5th, and this move is an important preliminary.

17. Q to Kt 6th
Kt to Kt sq, although not rendering everything comfortable, was a more prudent course to adopt.

17. P to Q 5th
18. B to B 2nd

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played between Mr. T. and Mr. F. N. BRAUND.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P to K R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	
3. Kt to B 3rd			
		Indiculously exchanging the Kt, which was well posted both for attack and defence. The hostile Kt now enters the field with effect.	
4. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th	17. B takes Kt	Kt to K 4th
Here Kt to Q 5th or B to B 4th should be played.		18. P takes B	Q R to K Kt sq
4. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. B to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to Q 3rd	B takes Kt	20. K R to Kt sq	P to B 5th
6. Q P takes B	Kt takes P	21. P to Kt 3rd	P to B 5th
7. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd		
		White cannot avoid the loss of a P.	
8. P to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. P takes P	Kt takes B P
9. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q	23. R takes R	R takes R
10. B to Kt 5th	B to K 3rd	24. B to B 4th	It to Kt 6th
11. Kt to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	25. R to K 8th	Kt to Kt 3rd
		26. R to Q B 6th	Kt takes P
Here Kt to Q 2nd might be considered.		27. R takes P	
12. B takes Kt	P takes B	It R to K R 8th, Kt takes P equally wins.	
13. P to B 4th	P to K 4th	27. P to B 3rd	P to B 5th
14. Castles	P to K B 4th	29. R to B 8th	P to B 6th
15. R to K sq	K to B 3rd	30. R to K R 8th	R to Kt 8th (ch)
		31. K to B 2nd	P to R 7th

And White resigns.

The match between Messrs. Blackburne and Lee ended, in accordance with general expectation, in favour of the former. The final score was Blackburne, 6; Lee, 3; draws, 5; but the actual wins showed a slightly better proportion for the successful player. It must be admitted, however, that Lee made a gallant and stubborn fight, better indeed than many people looked for. His play was steady and careful, and against one carrying less metal than his antagonist would have been more telling. Blackburne showed his usual genius for smashing opposing plans at the very moment their object seemed attained, and one or two games were finished in his own incisive style.

The match between the Australians and Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Past and Present, ended at Portsmouth in a draw. Gloucestershire beat Notts, at Clifton, by 42 runs; while Yorkshire were victorious over Leicestershire, at Huddersfield, by seven wickets.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION.

The Briton, when he quits his native shore, either for a long or short space, does so with a pang. He may be accustomed to the transit to and fro across the silver streak, and familiarity may breed contempt for the undertaking; but I believe that, unless he is wedded to a Continental life, as the phrase runs, he always leaves the English coast with less agreeable feelings than those which inspire his "manly bosom" when he once again catches sight of the "white cliffs of Albion." I am quite sure that he sees in their cold blank faces a look of welcome, even when their brows are clouded; but when they are lighted up by genial gleams, and their "white noses," "bald grey heads," and glittering points shine under a kindly sun—why, then, if he does not experience a thrill of something akin to pleasure, he can scarcely be called a worthy son of the soil. Of course I am speaking in a to-and-fro paper of to-and-fro going people, of mere "trippers" if you will, or "runners across," and not of the unfortunate beings doomed to exile in far-off climes. In the latter case there can be no question of the difference between their outward and their homeward-bound sensations. When they look their last at the chalky bluffs, "it may be for years, and it may be for ever," not one in a thousand does so without a twinge, while the joy with which they hail the first glimmer on the horizon of a genuine English lump of chalk, on their return, is supreme. For, after all, it is this geological formation which characterises "the land of the free" in both prose and poetry. Not that we have a monopoly of chalk—there is plenty of the calcareous soil on other coasts, but, as a rule, it is a besmirched and dingy article when compared with the real original. No downright Englishman, for instance, would ever mistake the cliffs at Dieppe, say, for those at Dover, and it is here particularly—here, to the heights above this familiar Kentish port, that we are accustomed to point for typical examples of our speciality. Of course, other specimens abound along our southern seaboard. There are those, to wit, lying on the eastern extremity of Devonshire, between Sidmouth and Lyme Regis, the long Lulworth range in Weymouth Bay, the bold promontory and jagged teeth of the Needles, the lofty and majestic Beachy Head, and its adjacent Seven Sisters, &c.; but it is always at Dover that we look for the chalk mark on our wall which tells us we have reached the unmistakable portals of home.

Perhaps it is the sentiment which they evoke which has led to the assumption that it was the cliff at Dover, known as Shakspeare's, which the poet had in his mind when he penned those immortal lines in "Lear," beginning—

How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

Or is it that Shakspeare has had a great deal to do with creating the sentiment associated with the region? Likely enough a little of both. Be it as it may, however, patriotism and poetry, hand in hand, have hallowed the place to the Englishman, and have established it in his heart with a solidity of foundation which no amount of railway cuttings, tunnelings, telegraph-wires, and new piers can shake or undermine. Yet anyone who has stood on the summit of the chalky bluff in question will have been struck by the insufficiency of its magnitude and height to realise the stupendous altitude suggested by the bard's words. To the ordinary vision, no "crows and choughs," flitting along its face, would be mistaken for beetles; and a man suspended over it could hardly look "no bigger than his head," were he gathering samphire or pursuing any other "dreadful trade." The fishermen on the beach, the anchoring bark and her cockboat, would be but slightly diminished, and the sound of the "murmuring surge" would still reach the ear in all its musical and soothing sweetness, albeit many people, imaginative or not, might become dizzy if they cast their "eyes so low."

No; we should need to take our stand upon some headland at least of twice the height of any of the Dover cliffs ere we could accept the beautiful description as strictly accurate according to scale—that is, supposing we were entirely unimaginative, matter-of-fact Philistines, who insisted on recognising nothing as true which is not demonstrable by rule and measurement. Even then it is doubtful if the capacious spirit of realism, so aggressive in the present day, would be satisfied. Very questionable is it if the 500-ft. altitude of Beachy Head, for instance, would arrest the cynical critic of our time from making some trumpery objection upon realistic grounds. Whether, however, he would desire any change in the passage, we do not presume to say; for his own sake we hope not, for it would be difficult to find throughout the whole of the immortal bard's works any more exquisite and perfect illustration of the great truth admirably put by Bulwer when he, in effect, says, "Art is the idealisation of nature, and the ideal is only the loftiest nature."

Vain and impertinent as it is, one cannot resist asking if, in the speech in question, we have not a picture of the loftiest nature, recalling to the mind with irresistible strength the emotions experienced when gazing over an expanse of sea and shore from a vast height. It is literal in the largest, noblest sense, and represents every sensation of which the human mind is capable under the circumstances. It is, therefore, only another proof of the futility of most of the speculations and assumptions concerning Shakspeare. He no more had any particular cliff in view when he wrote the passage than he had any particular pen in his hand at the moment. He simply wished to describe such a scene, and the sensations it would evoke: the attempt, therefore, to localise the place is wholly gratuitous. As Bulwer further says: "The great artist and the great author embody what is possible to man. not what is common to mankind," and, if the Dover cliff strikes anyone as commonplace because it falls short of the author's suggestion, they should remember the larger truths which are possible to man. Besides, as we know, Edgar, when he speaks the speech, is not even standing near the edge of the cliff. It is but his ideal, his "imaginative embodiment of what is possible to man," and to beguile the sightless Gloucester into the belief that they have reached the verge of the precipice, whereas they are not even ascending the hill; for Gloucester says, "He thinks the ground is even," despite Edgar's assurance that "it is horrible steep," and he adds, with a further attempt at deception: "Hark! do you hear the sea?" And the reply, "No, truly," indicates that they have not come within its sound. This is borne out by the stage directions, which merely give "The country near Dover" as the scene whereon the dialogue takes place. "Thus again we see the absurdity of the assumption that there was any especial spot on the range referred to by Shakspeare."

No; the speech was but the embodiment of "what is possible to man," and it is fit, therefore, that we accept the "White Cliffs of Albion," wherever they crop up or wherever they do not, as typifying the lofty grandeur of the coast of our island home. It is a melodious phrase, indicating and embracing much more than any literal realisation of an isolated fact. It means so much, indeed, that once more, I repeat, the man who is not stirred to the very depths of his soul by the words is no true son of the soil. All hail to them, then, and long may it be ere the sentiment which "The White Cliffs of Albion" call up dies out of the Englishman's heart!—W. V. F.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £600.
FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY.
SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Competitors not to be over 17 years of age last birthday.

The first of these Monthly Competitions will be on Aug. 31 next, followed by others on Sept. 30, Oct. 31, Nov. 30, Dec. 31, &c., until further notice. The favourable consideration of Parents and Guardians and kind permission for their young people to compete for these prizes is asked on the following grounds:— There is no element of chance in these competitions, the winning of a prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the wrappers. The competitions are held every month, so failure in one does not discourage but stimulates to a fresh effort. The motto is—"If at first you don't succeed, Try, Try, Try again." The articles given are all the best of their class.

RULES.

- I.—No competitor to be over 17 years of age.
- II.—The Competition will be held and Prizes awarded every month until further notice.
- III.—Competitors to save as many Sunlight Soap wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the bottom portion of each wrapper—that portion commencing "Now for the Sunlight Way of Washing." This portion, called the "Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.
- IV.—When as many of these "coupons" are collected as the competitor thinks will win a prize, send them, POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE PAID, to—

LEVER BROS., Ltd.,
PORT SUNLIGHT,
Near BIRKENHEAD.

(MARKED ON THE OUTSIDE "COMPETITION.")

ENCLOSING WITH THE "COUPONS" a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his FULL Name and Address, age last birthday, the number of the competition entered for, and the number of coupons enclosed. This paper must be signed by three witnesses of over 20 years of age. Only one witness to be chosen out of the same house, and no witness out of the house competitor lives in.

V.—The "Coupons" to be sent in (postage or carriage paid) not later than the last day of the month. "Coupons" received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

VI.—The Prizes will be awarded amongst those sending in (for their age) the largest number of "Coupons," provided the paper with the "Coupons" is correctly filled up and witnessed according to Rule IV.

VII.—A competitor can only enter for one prize each month, but may compete every month if she or he wishes.

VIII.—Lists of Winners of each month's competition will be advertised until further notice in "Tit-Bits" and "Answers" the third week of the month following, but a printed list of winners will be forwarded ten days after each competition closes to competitors who send ½d. stamp to pay postage.

IX.—Employés of Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

Lever Bros., Ltd., will award the prizes to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete for the prizes agree to accept the award of Lever Bros., Ltd. as final.

MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Prizes value over £600.

60 Silver Keyless Lever Watches value £4 4s. each.

No. Age.		No. Age.	
1 17 10	to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).	3 15 10	to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).
2 16 10	" 10 " " "		

100 Silver Keyless Watches value 30s. each.

4 14 10	to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).	7 11 10	to girls & 10 to boys (1 to each winner).
5 13 10	" 10 " " "	8 10 10	" 10 " " "
6 12 10	" 10 " " "		and under

8 Tricycles and 8 Safety Bicycles.

Manufactured by Messrs. Humber and Co., Ltd., who have obtained 21 Gold Medals for excellence of work. Now on view at their Depot, 32, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Tricycles.	Bicycles.	Tricycles.	Bicycles.
9 17 1	value £21 to girls, 1 value £20 to boys.	14 12 1	value £9 to girls, 1 value £7 to boys.
10 16 1	" £21 " 1 " £20 "	15 11 1	" £9 " 1 " £7 "
11 15 1	" £10 10s. " 1 " £11 "	16 10 1	" £7 " 1 " £6 10s. "
12 14 1	" £10 10s. " 1 " £14 "		and under
13 13 1	" £10 10s. " 1 " £14 "		

EXTRA PRIZES.

Unsuccessful competitors who have sent in not less than twenty-four "Coupons" will receive, free of cost and postage paid, a facsimile reproduction (size 16½ in. by 11½ in.) of the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy 1889, and named by us "So Clean." The Daily Telegraph, July 11, 1889, says of it: "A charming little picture." When this picture is out of print others will take its place.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

£500 in 2000 Prizes.

Same Rules as for the Monthly Competitions.

"Coupons" for this competition to be sent in not later than Saturday, Dec. 13, 1890, and marked "Christmas Prize Competition."

Printed lists of the winners will be forwarded, on or before Dec. 23, to each competitor who encloses ½d. stamp for postage.

2000 Prizes as follows:—

Each winner may select whatever she or he wishes for a Christmas Prize in Books, Toys, Games, &c., to the value of about 5s. (a shilling or two over or under this figure will not matter), or may have 5s. in cash should they so wish.

No. Age.		No. Age.	
17 17 125	prizes to girls, 125 prizes to boys.	22 12 125	prizes to girls, 125 prizes to boys.
18 16 125	" " 125 " "	23 11 125	" " 125 " "
19 15 125	" " 125 " "	24 10 125	" " 125 " "
20 14 125	" " 125 " "		and under
21 13 125	" " 125 " "		

PURCHASERS, SEE THAT YOU GET A SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPER WITH EACH TABLET.

VAN HOUTEN'S
COCOA
STIMULATES AND NOURISHES

Without leaving any

Injurious Effect on the Nervous System.

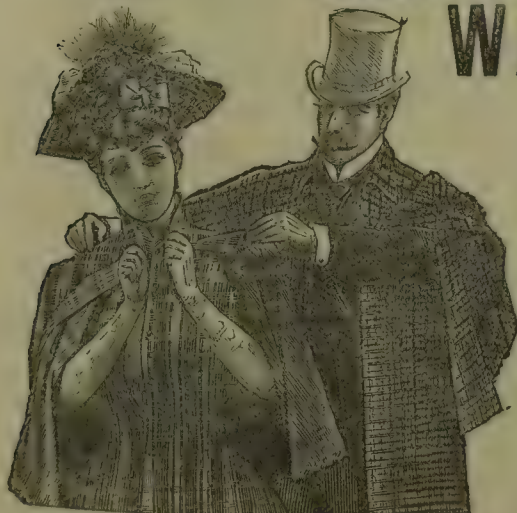
IT IS A PERFECT BEVERAGE.

CHEAP, CHEERING, AND SUSTAINING.

THE LATEST INVENTION IN WATERPROOFS.

By Royal Letters Patent.

Honoured by Royal and Imperial Patronage.



"MANDLEBERG"
WATERPROOFS.

Free From Odour
Absolutely Waterproof

DOUBLY GUARANTEED.

The "Mandleberg" Patents are for an entirely new process of manufacturing Garments Waterproofed with Rubber, in a superior manner, absolutely FREE FROM ODOUR and distinguished for marked improvements upon the ordinary Waterproofs.

All Leading Drapers, Mantle Houses, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Outfitters, and Rubber Depots regularly stock the "MANDLEBERG F.F.O." Waterproofs in all sizes ready for immediate wear. Prices according to qualities, ranging the same as for the ordinary Waterproofs, the public having the full benefit of the Mandleberg Patented Improvements without extra charge.

Every Genuine Garment bears a Silk-woven Label marked "Mandleberg F.F.O."

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163 & 198, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

T. S. JAY, Manager.

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Special attention is given by the Proprietors of THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE to that Department of their Business which includes the Manufacture of well-fitting

SEALSKIN JACKETS,
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MANTELETS,
AND CAPES.

Only skilled Cutters are employed, and the entire process of Manufacture is carried out on the premises.

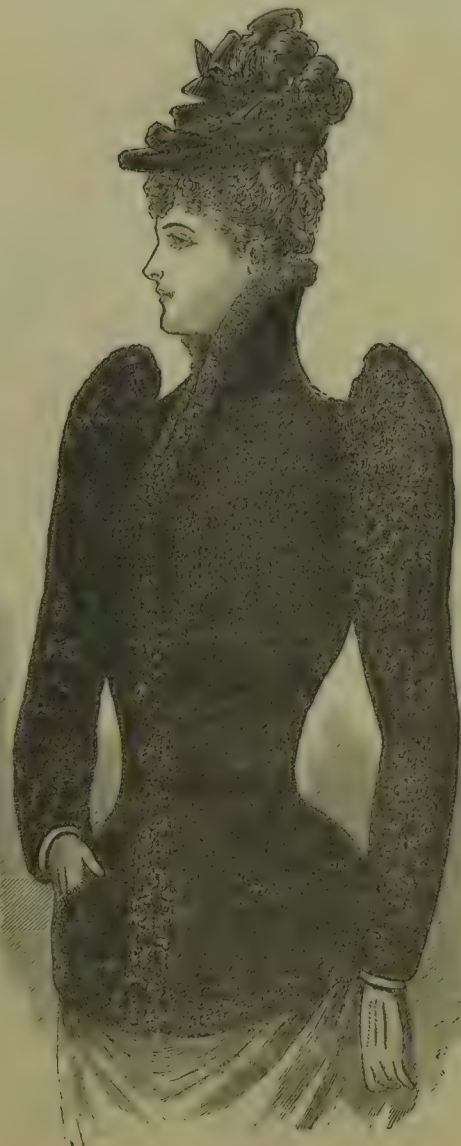
Ladies can select the Skins they desire to be used, and, should they wish to do so, may inspect the Workshops during the execution of their orders.

FURS
FOR GENTLEMEN.

A large selection of Fur-lined Coats always on Show at prices varying from £10 to £50, and in the execution of orders punctuality may be relied on.

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INTERNATIONAL
FUR STORE,

163 & 198, Regent Street,
LONDON.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

STARS AT LAMLASH.

This quiet morning by the Clyde is the commencement of an ideal holiday of the lazy kind. Stretched on the greensward at Toward Point, one gives oneself up entirely to the *dolce far niente* style of existence, and to the dreams and fancies from which not even the most matter-of-fact life, so far as I can discover, is free. Active work is a thing of the past, and will be a thing of the future; for the present it is sufficient that books are closed awhile, lectures finished, and the grind of life suspended. In a few weeks we shall be back in the roar of the city: therefore, let us take the rest and content of things while we may. From Innellan we set out this morning, bent on a long stroll and on the exercise of our walking powers; but good resolutions melt away in the heat, and the grass at Toward is green and the air exhilarating; so we rest close by the lighthouse, and survey the prospect of hill and sea that never fails to charm, and rarely fails to convey a sense of graceful rest to the fagged city-dweller. Quiet as it is at Toward, there is bustle enough not far away. Round the point at Rothesay, the Margate and Ramsgate of Scotland rolled into one, there is an eternal turmoil. Ardrishaig will be a busy place this day, with its vortex of tourists disembarking from the Columba's capacious decks, and embarking for the journey up the Kyles of Bute and onwards to Greenock and beyond. Tarbert you can see in your mind's eye, fussy and busy; and you can picture the Gaels on the Oban pier, pointing with their fingers, as if they all exhibited some maledictory frame of mind, to secure engagements for carriage of baggage from steamer to town. Inveraray, too, will not be behind in its bustle and stir when the Lord of the Isles comes alongside the pier; and little Strachur itself can put on a very respectable air of importance when from the steamer the tourists pour forth to coach it overland.

Other scenes, too, you can picture for yourself, as the steamers pass by in quick succession. The white-funnelled *Ivanhoe* is off on her Arran trip, and the less ambitious *Eagle* will creep along the Bute coast, also Arran-bound. I see the latter vessel calling at Kilchattan Bay, and note how the fishermen at the pier are clearing their nets of the silvery herring they have taken in the night, and how the forepart of their boat has become a mass of fishes which will doubtless soon be packed in the boxes on the quay and dispatched to feed the city-dwellers far and near. Then I see *Corrie* nestling under Goat Fell and the hills around, the flag waving over its little hotel, and girls in bright lawn-tennis costumes staying their game till the steamer has passed. Brodick also I see, with its castle perched on the hill-side; Lamlash, with its bay, and Holy Island sheltering it; and Whiting Bay too, with its big boats that ferry passengers to and from the steamer. Here, on this lazy day at Toward, one imagines these scenes clearly enough, and wishes it were possible to see them again, for the first time in all the beauty of a sunny day. But there are "wells of content" at Toward, and there is wealth of thought enough—or oblivion of most things, if you prefer the latter—to be found here on this sweltering August day. The Clyde is like a lake, and the white-winged yachts are simply playing the rôle of "painted ships" this morning, and envying that beautiful steam-yacht—

lilac-tinted, and neat and trim as a man-of-war—which has just rounded out of Rothesay Bay, and is making up the estuary at a speed of fifteen knots or so. Over yonder, the Cumbraes lie bathed in sunlight, and look like golden isles set in a sea of glass. It was a cleric dwelling on these islands who prayed that the Almighty might "bless especially the Greater and Lesser Cumbraes, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland"! This is a local story, at least: if true, I opine that clergyman, like the Kilbarchan weaver, must have prayed that he "might have a gude conceit o' himsel'." And his prayer, doubtless, was abundantly answered.

You ask what is Lamlash famous for, and I reply, its bay; and its bay is in turn noted as being one of the settlements of a certain interesting member of the starfish-group. Do you see that broken starfish which has been tossed up on the seaweed at our feet? Look at it attentively for a moment, and I will tell you the story of the Lamlash starfish. This fragment of starfish life which has been cast up at Toward is a "Brittle-Star." It gets its name from the fact that it has a habit of parting as easily with its rays or arms as some people have of parting with their promises. Its body, you observe, is composed of a central part or disc, and the arms are mere appendages to this disc. This is very different from the case of the common starfish we dissected some weeks ago. There, the arms were part and parcel of the body, and the stomach and other organs ran into the rays, on the under-side of which you saw the hundreds of tube-feet. Here, in our brittle-star, the body is really represented by the central part, and the arms do not contain any prolongations of the organs or belongings of the body. Now, this brittle-star, like the sand-stars, finds itself placed in a class of its own, on account of these and other peculiarities of structure; and such a proceeding is as justifiable in its way as that which puts a snail in one division of the Gasteropod class, and a limpet in another.

Yet another kind of starfish, however, was known long ago to naturalists, and it is this third variety for which Lamlash Bay became famous. I observe that the bay is getting the credit of scarcity as regards its starfishes, but I sincerely hope this is not the case. Be that as it may, it is the "Rosy Feather Star" for which Lamlash became famous in its day and generation, and it will always be with this starfish in particular that the zoological mind will associate the pretty bay of Arran, with Holy Island as its outer bulwark and protection. The rosy-feather star is not unlike that brittle-star that lies at our feet, in respect of its general appearance; but its colour is pink, as its name indicates, and its arms exhibit processes or appendages, as the term "feathered" would imply. The organs are confined to the central body-disc, so that it is not by any means a near relation of the common five-fingered starfish which the waves so frequently cast up on the beach.

In the rocks we find the fossil-remains of curious starfishes set on stalks, and known as crinoids. Preserved as fossils, they are often popularly known as stone lilies or encrinites. It is the points of their fossilised stalks, found by the thousand in some limestones, that Sir Walter Scott speaks of in "Marmion" as "Saint Cuthbert's beads." The crinoids are represented to-day by only a few living forms. Deep-sea exploration added to their number, certainly, and dragged from the abysses several stalked starfishes which had been regarded as being

wholly extinct. These typical crinoids, whether alive in the deep ocean to-day, or fossilised as remnants of far-back populations of forgotten seas, spent the whole of their existence on stalks. Yet, somewhere about 1840 or so—I am not sure of the exact date—Mr. J. V. Thompson found in the Cove of Cork a curious starfish set on a stalk, and which was duly named the *Pentacrinus Europæus*. This was a veritable treasure-find—in a zoological sense. If I mistake not, no living crinoid had then been found in European seas, although, afterwards, Sars brought to light another form dredged off the Lofoden Isles. Next in order came the curious fact that Mr. Thompson's stalked starfish left its stalk at a given period in its life-history, and, lo and behold! appeared before the eyes of naturalists as our old friend the rosy feather star, of Lamlash, and elsewhere.

So that the famous star of Lamlash is not an ordinary starfish at all. It is a crinoid, in fact—a member of the stalked starfish race, and a creature of aristocratic lineage, if we are to judge high life by "a lang pedigree." Compared with our rosy feather star, the starfishes of the beach are probably very modern beings, relatively speaking, although they too go far enough back in the geological record as fossils. The star of Lamlash differs from the deep-sea crinoids in that it spends part of its life only in the stalked state. Other crinoids spend the whole of their lives in this fixed condition. Here we find a link, perhaps, in the chain of causes which have wrought out starfish destinies. Perhaps our modern brittle and other starfishes are derivatives of stalked forms; and the rosy feather star, in leaving its stalk, shows us how the free and unstalked life was evolved. This may be a statement I cannot prove, therefore I only suggest it as a likely theory, in view of the fact that one likes to be able to imagine why one starfish is stalked and another not. But the sun makes it too hot for philosophy to-day, and so we shall stroll back to Innellan to lunch, past the church which nestles in the trees at Toward, and onwards past the bright villas that make this corner of Clyde resemble a Naples nestling on the sea.

ANDREW WILSON.

A Companionship of the Bath has been conferred upon Mr. Henry Hamilton Johnston, her Majesty's Consul at Mozambique, in recognition of his services on the Oil Rivers and in East Africa; and a Companionship of St. Michael and St. George has been awarded to Mr. John Buchanan, Acting British Consul at Nyassa.

An important memorandum has been issued by the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 in reference to their scheme of "science scholarships," to which it is now proposed to give a higher character than heretofore. It is intended to devote a sum of not less than £5000 a year to this purpose, and a special committee has elaborated a plan according to which seventeen scholarships are to be annually awarded of £150 per annum, tenable for two or (in special instances) three years, those schools and colleges being selected which afford greatest facilities for science-teaching. The special committee included Professor Garnett, Professor Huxley, Professor Norman Lockyer, Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., and Sir William Thomson, and two of the Commissioners, Mr. Mundella, M.P., and Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P.

ON SOAP, IN RELATION TO THE COMPLEXION.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"

Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use '**Pears' Soap**.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Atfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its entire purity. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of '**Pears**' is really all soap and not soap and water. I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted '**Fancy Soaps**' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of '**Pears' Soap**, and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient."

"There is no Appeal beyond Cæsar!"

The late world-renowned Dermatologist,

Sir ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

The FIRST AND ONLY

President of the Royal College of Surgeons

who ever gave a public Testimonial, and the following is

THE ONLY TESTIMONIAL HE EVER GAVE.

"If it be well to wash the skin—and we never heard the proposition questioned—it is well also that we should be familiar with the means by which that purpose may be most efficiently attained.

"We once knew a beautiful woman, with a nice complexion, who had never washed her face with soap all her life through; her means of polishing were, a smear of grease or cold cream; then a wipe, and then a lick with rose water. Of course we did not care to look too closely after such an avowal, but we pitied her, for soap is the food of the skin."

Soap is to the skin what Wine is to the stomach;

a generous stimulant. It not only removes the dirt, but the layer which carries the dirt; and it promotes the displacement of the old cuticle to make way for the new, to increase the activity of change in the skin. Now turn we to Toilet Soaps and there we find

a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant—PEARS.

PEARS' SOAP! *an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms to the skin."*

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Bracelet. Finest Brillants. Also forms Brooch.

£150.



Brillants, £25. Special Value.

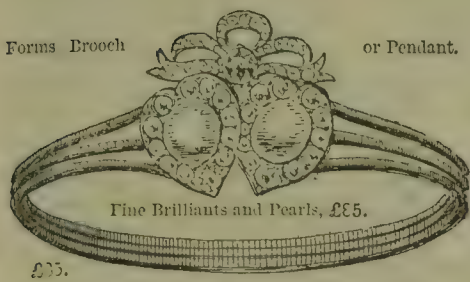


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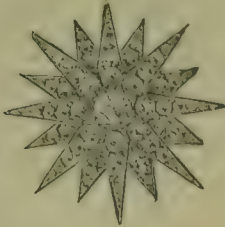
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Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

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Silver Cases. BENSON'S "BANK." Silver Cases.



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BENSON'S WATCHES,

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong KEYLESS Action.

The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong, and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

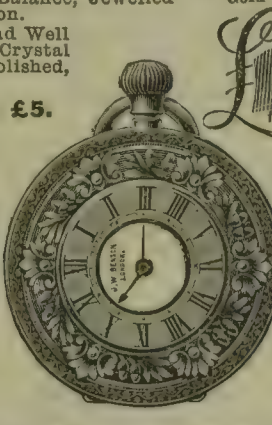
Price £10. Or in Silver Cases, £5.

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Lady's Gold Albert Chains to Match, from £1 15s.

All the Watches shown here sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

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ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Broomed Spring to prevent variation when worn on 14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

With the dull season comes the interminable "domestic servant question." Everybody admits that servants grow scarcer and more difficult to deal with year by year. As more employments are open to girls, and as elementary education is not only given to but forced on the poor, it must needs be that domestic service becomes less efficient. The girls of good intelligence and of that steady energy and general balance of capacity which our ancestresses called "faculty," the girls of the kind who formerly, being without any book-learning, turned their minds to labour in the household, and made our excellent cooks and trustworthy nurses, now become telegraph clerks, or shopwomen, or hospital nurses, or shorthand writers, or lecturers on cookery. Only the less ambitious and less competent girls of the somewhat superior working class—for the lowest and most dirty class cannot be made into servants—are left for domestic work, speaking broadly.

Why do working-women prefer those other occupations to domestic service? Well, for one thing, because they gain in social position thereby; so much so that I fear some of the young ladies engaged in the occupations mentioned will be angry with me for the bare suggestion that they in any way belong to the class from which the upper ranks of domestic service should be recruited. Why it should be considered a superior task to hand stamps over a counter and an inferior one to pass the plates at dinner, I do not quite know; but that it is so is certain. Is it the obligation to express willingness to serve in look and voice, and to use titles of respect, that makes the domestic servant's position lower than that of the girl behind the counter? In America, apparently, they have liberated themselves from the ties of courteous address. In one of the Daly Company's plays the housemaid walks in and says, "Dinner is ready, Mrs. So-and-So." Is this more elevating to her feelings than if she said, "Dinner is served, Ma'am"? I suppose so.

Yet, although the post-office counter "young ladies," unfortunately for themselves, feel no obligation to be courteous to the people they wait on, the drapers' "young ladies" are mannerly, and still feel themselves far above servants. So it cannot be that the objection is merely that of acknowledging a superior. Then, domestic work is grubby, very often; but so is a hospital nurse's—most repulsive in many details. Yet the hospital doors are crowded round with probationers, ready to do that objectionable work for less than a cook's wages; and the kitchen can hardly get supplied with labour. The sick-nurse feels herself in a social grade above the cook or the housemaid. But why?

After all, I think the main reason why domestic service takes the last place in the thoughts of an energetic and capable working-girl is the long day and the rigid confinement. It is not that the servant actually works longer hours than any other class. On the contrary, in a good place, where enough maids are kept to cope with the work, the actual labour done is lighter than that of shopwomen, less dangerous to the health than that of telegraph-operators, more agreeable than that of sick-nurses. But even when the servants are not working, they are not off duty: they cannot lie down for half an hour if they feel like it, or go out for a short walk, or have a friend call, at any hour of the day between rising and going to bed. The life is inevitably monotonous; few persons come and go in an ordinary home, and but little is seen among them of change and variety. The servants, as a rule, are delighted even when the mistress has an afternoon "At Home." It does not seem as if there is much fun for them in it—only

running up and down stairs, and washing teacups. Yet such is the dullness and confinement of domestic service that most girls cheerfully undergo the extra labour for the sake of seeing the strange faces and new dresses, and of the little buzz of excitement and novelty. When the daily duties are so monotonous and present so little interest as a servant's, an hour or two of relief and change daily is felt needful—at all events, for young people, such as most servants are. But how are servants to be given even an hour every day to call their own?

If we cannot, under our present conditions, and with what men expect in their homes, give that liberty—and I confess I do not see how we can—we must not be surprised that our servants become girls of a less capable and trustworthy order, decade by decade. It is a painful fact; but, if it is a fact, we must reckon with it. Instead of popular education at nominal charges making manual labourers more intelligent and productive, as was hoped, it makes the lower and less-skilled class of mental workers terribly overcrowded, and reduces the supply of competent manual labour. In order to counterbalance this tendency, employers must make manual labour more attractive, in wages or some other respect. Now, in Australia, the domestic servants work much harder than most of them do here, but they all claim a few hours in the evening for themselves, to go where they like and do as they like—within respectable limits, of course. In America, a very considerable part of the middle-class population dwell in boarding-houses, where enough servants can be kept, for the co-operative housekeeping of that number of people, to allow of each servant going out more freely and frequently than a single family can spare their two maids to do. Furthermore, the American and Colonial servants are merely "helps," and they are what we should call disrespectful, or at least presuming, in manner and speech; and their wages are high. Here, female labour is still so far superabundant that we have not yet been reduced to the condition of Colonial or American housewives before their "helps." But we are fast going that way.

A transition period is always a painful one. We are passing through an age of abrupt social changes, and, be we individually wise and careful as we may, we cannot escape difficulties. But we must not blame ourselves, or allow others to blame us, overmuch, for domestic troubles which are not the fault of individual housekeepers, but of the continuance of old habits of life in conflict with modern conditions.

At several of the more popular but less fashionable watering-places, the custom of the two sexes bathing together is growing. This practice is, of course, universal in every country but our own, and it has many advantages. But, curious nation that we are! the decent dress for men bathing with women that is used everywhere else is not being imported in company with the custom of mixed bathing. The one thing implies the other; and, where men and women enter the sea in company, the local authorities should compel the bathing machine proprietors to provide *peignoirs* such as are worn by male swimmers in public performances, and such as are always provided at Continental bathing-places.

It is pleasant to see how much more general it is becoming for women to swim than used to be the case. One of the advantages of mixed bathing is that it encourages little girls to learn to swim as they see their brothers doing, and that it gives confidence to the timid beginner of the weaker sex to know herself surrounded by strong good swimmers who could come to her aid in case of need. Swimming is not merely a desirable accomplishment because it may save the swimmer's or some other person's life: it is also one of the most perfect and

thorough forms of exercise, moving many muscles without straining any. Children easily acquire the art, and all girls ought to be taught it, either in the sea or in a swimming-bath. But not by the cruel method of forcing them into the "raging element." It is distressing to see little children plunged, screaming and terrified, into what seems to them a hopeless waste of waters. It is impossible that such an experience can do them the least good: on the contrary, the nervous shock of the intense terror forcibly overcome must be highly injurious, and there is no mystic virtue in laving in sea-water to counterbalance the mischief. It is far better to let a child even dress again without going beyond ankle-depth, day after day, than to force it out and under; ridiculing and persuading to overcome the cowardice, but never forcing violently. The terror will soon be overcome, in most cases, by a judicious letting alone. St. Vitus dance, convulsions, and even worse things may be induced by the violent plunging amid screams and heart-palpitations now so often inflicted on hapless terrified mites.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE JAPANESE SILK TRADE.

The statistics of the silk trade of Japan for the last twelve years, which were issued in Yokohama after the close of the last season (June 30), exhibit some curious features. The trade is practically confined to the port of Yokohama, the export from Hiogo being only 500 bales, while that from Yokohama last year was 35,505 bales. In 1887-8 the export was 38,958, and in 1888-9 41,264 bales, so that in 1889-90 there was a decline; but the expansion in the trade in recent years has been remarkable. Prior to 1887-8 the export never reached 30,000 bales, and was usually under 25,000, and sometimes even less than 20,000. As for the destination, an average of 20,000 bales during the last three years went to the United States, and an average of between 16,000 and 17,000 bales to the Continent of Europe, including Great Britain, to which not one bale was sent direct last year, although 2070 bales came in 1888-9 and 1735 in 1887-8. Some of the shipments to the Continent, however, ultimately come to London. Another curious feature of the trade is that the shipments on Japanese account are declining, showing that the efforts of the Japanese Government to foster a "direct trade"—i.e., a trade wholly in Japanese hands—are not successful so far as silk is concerned. In 1880-1 the shipments on Japanese account were 2940 bales; in 1881-2, 5089; in 1883-4, 6348; in 1885-6, 3933; in 1888-9, 2826; and last year, 2495 bales, or less than the figure of nine years ago, although the total export in the same time has risen from 22,344 to 35,505 bales.

The George Livesey Testimonial Fund has amounted to £2216, received from 1450 subscribers, of which about £1750 has been handed to Mr. Livesey at the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The testimonial also includes an address, and a portrait, to be hung in the board-room, a copy of which has been presented to Mrs. Livesey.

Three new ambulance stations have been established in London by the Hospitals Association—the first on the cab rank in St. James's-square, the second on the cab rank in Pickering-place, Bayswater, and the third on the cab rank in Maida-vale. This brings the number of ambulance stations established by the Hospitals Association during the present year to fifty-one, which number will shortly be largely increased.

OVER-EXERTION.

The Championship Team of the Finchley Harriers states:—
"Persons taking part in athletic exercises should give the Embrocation a trial, as it not only relieves sprains and bruises, but also prevents any of the ill-effects caused by over-exertion."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—
"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

CHEST COLDS.

The Tufnell Park Hon. Sec. writes:—
"I can testify to the excellence of your Embrocation and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains."

ROWING.

The Hon. Sec. Tower R. and A. C. writes:—
"After a hard tussle, your Embrocation soon restores the arms."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.
"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

FOOTBALL.

H. C. HALDANE, Esq., Charterhouse, Go. alming, writes:—
"I find it very useful indeed after playing football."

STIFFNESS.

T. L. NICHOLAS, Esq., Member of the South London Harriers, writes:—
"I use a good deal of it during training, and find it very beneficial in keeping off stiffness."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—
"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES.

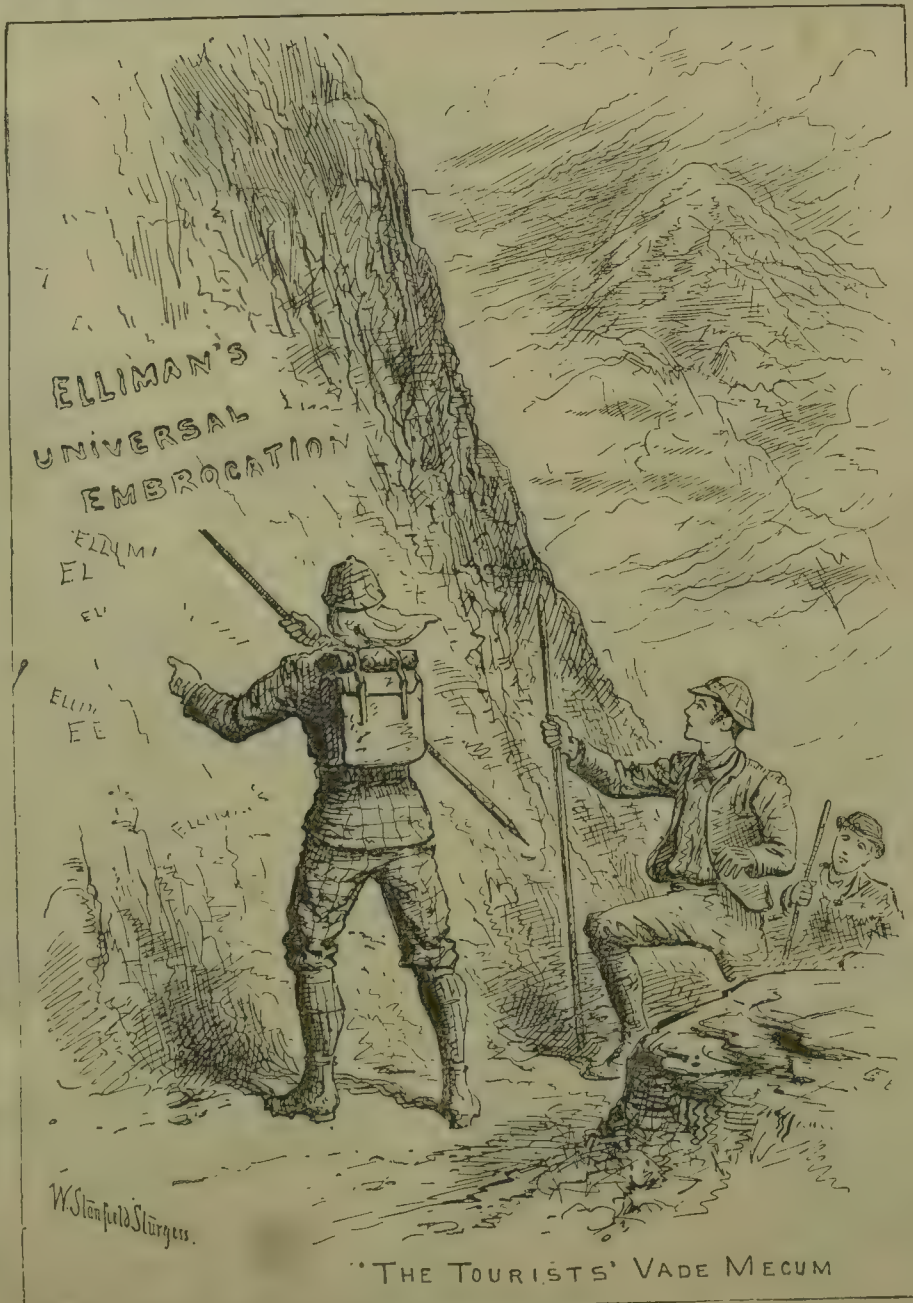
From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."
"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

FOOTBALL.

GEO. PATRICK, Esq., Hon. Sec. Hartlepool Athletic Association, writes:—
"I may say that some of the members of our Rovers' Football Club swear by it; and not only use it for sprains, contusions, &c., but rub it all over the body after a match."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers Hon. Sec., writes:—
"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."



Elliman's Universal Embrocation, 1/1½ and 2/9.

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

RHEUMATISM.

HARRY CARTER, Esq., 29, Fitzroy-road, Regent's Park, writes:—
"I tried your Embrocation, and was soon able to walk as well as ever I did in my life."

BRUISES.

W. H. ALDOUS, Esq., 21, Morley-avenue, Wood Green, writes:—
"I tried a bottle of Elliman's, which effectually removed all the bruise and soreness."

PAINS.

S. TAYLOR, Esq., 10, Fowler-terrace, New Hendon, Sunderland, writes:—
"I have used your Embrocation for pains in the hip and knees, and have found great benefit from it."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. JOHN DUGDALE considers that by continued use of the Embrocation he is preventing the rheumatism in his knees getting worse, as he had feared they would at his age.

RHEUMATISM.

Captain G. H. MAXSELL, R.N., Pembroke Villa, Shirley, Southampton, writes:—
"Have derived great benefit by using your Embrocation for rheumatism."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

TRAINING.

WALTER A. LIDINGTON, Esq., Handcapper and Starter, West Kent Harriers, writes:—
"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

SPRAINS.

From W. D. DENT, Esq., Secretary, Barnard Castle Agricultural Society.
"And regard it as invaluable for sprains, strains, or anything of a similar nature."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.
"I am a member of a Cycling Club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

SPRAIN.

From ROBERT J. WALKER, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.R.H.S., Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland-avenue, London, W.C.
"But I must confess that the second application gave considerable relief, and two bottles cured the same."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.
"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

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This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly Soluble and easily digested. It makes an agreeable thin drink, and is a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

LANCET.—“Pure, and very soluble.”

MEDICAL TIMES.—“Eminently suitable for Invalids.”

Sir C. A. CAMERON.—“I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well.”
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IF your face is sunburnt,
faded with fatigue and age,
IF your features look old
from wrinkles,
IF your hands are hard
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QUICK! use the

CONGO SOAP,

For no other can give so surprising and rapid results.

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DELICIOUSLY PERFUMED.
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FOR LIVER.

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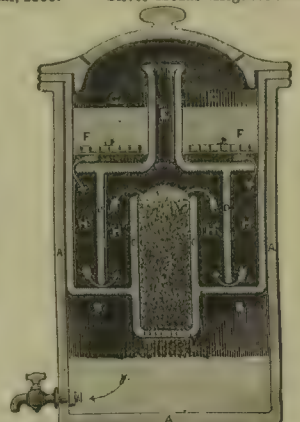
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FOR HEARTBURN.

A Perfect Filter. Giving Sparkling Pure Water.

MORRIS'S NEW PATENT CIRCULATING FILTER

Invented by Mr. RICHARD MORRIS, the Inventor of the well-known Morris Tube and Ammunition.
Gold Medal, 1889. Silver Medal (Highest Award), 1890.

There are no Plugs, Screws, India-rubber Packing, or Asbestos Cloth. It can be cleaned as easily as a dish.



This Filter is charged with Porous Materials, and can be removed without touching the Filter to the manufacturers.

Recommended by Professor Wanklyn, and other experts on water, as the most scientifically perfect filter ever offered to the public.

The “Lancet” of July 12, 1890, says: “The Morris Patent ‘Circulating’ Filter is very ingenious, and must be ranked as one of the most scientific in principle and construction yet before the public. . . . We have subjected the filter to a rather severe qualitative test, with results that were eminently satisfactory.”

Cream Enamelled Stoneware Filter, 1 gall., 14/-; 2 gall., 22/6; 3 gall., 28/6; 4 gall., 36/-; 5 gall., 44/-; 6 gall., 51/- each.

Testimonials and full description of other Filters, &c., sent by post free on application.

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most cooling, soothing, healing, and refreshing for the face, hands, and arms. It eradicates Sunburn, Freckles, Tan, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes and heals all Irritations, Insect Stings, Spots, Eczema, &c., produces soft fair skin and a lovely delicate complexion. Bottles, 4s. 6d.; Half-Bottles, 2s. 3d.

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or Pearl Dentifrice, whitens the teeth and prevents and arrests their decay, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. 2s. 9d. per Box.

Ask any Chemist, Perfumer, or Hairdresser for Rowlands' articles, and avoid cheap imitations.

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“THE QUEEN”

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
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FOR LADIES,

very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 84s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s. The best value ever offered.

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A large selection of fitted Bags, for Ladies and Gentlemen, from 2 to 20 guineas.

GLADSTONE BAGS, HAND BAGS, WAIST BAGS, &c.

PARKINS
AND COTTO.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 3, 1889), with two codicils (dated May 23 and Dec. 9 following), of the Most Hon. Jane, Dowager Marchioness of Ely, late of 22, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, who died on June 11 last, was proved on Aug. 7 by Charles Robert Worsley Tottenham and Christopher Lethbridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6602. The testatrix bequeaths the turquoise-and-diamond bracelet, with "Fontainebleau" on the back, given to her by the Empress of the French; to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice; the picture called "Pace," painted by the mother of the late Count Cavour, to Lord Rowton; her diamond tiara and ornaments, the emerald-ruby-and-diamond bracelet given to her by the King of Italy, and certain pictures and plate, to be held upon the trusts of a certain settlement made by her late son the Marquis of Ely; and other legacies, specific and pecuniary. The residue of her property she gives to her daughter, Lady Marion Buchanan.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1889) of Mr. James Nasmyth, late of Hammersfield, Penshurst, Kent, who died on May 8 last, at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Nasmyth, the widow, Charles Harrison, and John Murray jun., three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £243,000. The testator states that, being satisfied that cremation is in every respect the right way to dispose of the body in deference to the health of the living, he directs that his body be subjected to that process at the Crematorium, Woking, the ashes to be collected and sent in a suitable box and interred in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the side of the monument erected by him to his mother and his brother Patrick, opposite to that inscribed to his said brother. He confirms the gifts he has made to his wife, and gives her his residence, all his furniture, plate, engravings, books, wines, any furniture or other articles of an ornamental character she may select, and twenty of his works of art; the remainder of his works of art and furniture and other articles of an ornamental character are to be sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., and the proceeds to go with the residue of his property. He also gives to his wife all his realty and mixed personality; £44,500 Consols are to be held, upon trust, to pay the dividend to his wife, for life, and then to fall into and become part of his residuary estate; £1000 is bequeathed to each of his executors, including his wife; and £150 to be divided by his wife between his servants, gardeners, and labourers. The wood-carving of the Coronation of the Virgin, attributed to Gertz, of Louvain, he leaves to the Government, to be placed in the South Kensington Museum. The residue of his personal estate applicable by law for charitable purposes is to be divided into one hundred parts, and he bequeaths eight of such parts each to the Convalescent Branch of the Royal Infirmary (Edinburgh), the Convalescent Branch of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, the Royal Blind Asylum and School (Edinburgh), Hershaw's Blind Asylum (Manchester), the workshop for the blind of Kent (1, South-street, Greenwich), the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (London), the Tunbridge Wells Dispensary and Infirmary for the relief of the sick poor (Kent), the Artists' Benevolent Fund (London), the Artists' Benevolent Orphan Fund (London), and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; four of such parts to the Hospital for Women (Soho-square, London), and sixteen of such parts to the Royal Scottish Academy of Arts (Edinburgh), as a fund for decayed Scottish artists, and he makes it imperative that this bequest be named "The

Alexander Nasmyth Fund," and to be under the management of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The will (dated May 29, 1886), with three codicils (dated June 23, 1887; July 5, 1889; and April 26, 1890), of Mr. William Neal, J.P., late of 7, Park-crescent, Portland-place, and Kingsdon, Somersetshire, who died on May 25 last, was proved on Aug. 11 by Captain William Neal and the Rev. John Neal, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £85,000. The testator devises his mansion-house at Kingsdon, the manor of Kingsdon, and all his farms, messuages, lands, and hereditaments in the parishes of Kingsdon and Somerton to the use of his son William, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to their respective seniorities in tail male, and the advowson of the benefice of Kingsdon, upon trust, if at his death the then present Incumbent shall be holding the same, on the next vacancy to offer the same to his son John, and, should he decline the same, to such person as his four younger sons shall nominate, and, subject thereto, to be held upon the same uses as those declared of his mansion-house at Kingsdon. The furniture, fixtures, and effects at Kingsdon, excepting what are specifically bequeathed to children, are to be annexed to his said mansion-house, and held therewith as heirlooms. He bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for each of his three daughters, Mary Eleanor Neal, Alice Matilda Wickham, and Ada Clementina Neal; £5000 to his son William; £500 to each of his grandchildren, John Franklin Neal, Norah Madeline Neal, Elizabeth Marjorie Neal, and Anthony Theodore Clephane Wickham; £100 to the Hospital or Infirmary at Yeovil; £300 to the Incumbent and Churchwardens of Kingsdon, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of meat to distribute among the deserving poor of that parish; his furniture and effects at 7, Park-crescent, to his daughters, Mary Eleanor and Ada Clementina, and his four younger sons; and legacies to trustees, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his four younger sons, John, Thomas Henry, Herbert, and Alfred Ernest.

The will (dated March 2, 1885) of Mr. Henry John Baddeley, late of Meadow View, Sydenham, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 11 by Henry M'Lauchlan Backler, John Blacket Gill, and the Rev. William Lees Bell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, and £200, to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Grace Baddeley; £100 to each of his executors; all the share remaining unconverted which he became entitled to under a settlement by the death of his mother, and various leasehold houses at St. George-in-the-East, Bow, and Stepney, to his brother Edward; all his Metropolitan Consolidated Stock to his daughter Gertrude; £500 to the London Hospital; £500 each to his nephew and niece, Arthur Edward Baddeley and Alice Maud Baddeley; and £50 to Eliza Britten. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; and, on her death or marriage again, for his said daughter.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1889) of Mr. Augustus Charles Granet de la Rue, late of the Villa Schönwill, Megger, Lucerne, who died on March 29 last, was proved in London on Aug. 7 by Ernest Octavius Lloyd and John Wreford Budd, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his mother, Lady Henrietta Rose Gordon, and his sister, Mary

Ann Lyster; £2000 to the said Ernest Octavius Lloyd; £1000 to Charles Forbes Mosse; £500 to Luigi Stefani; £100 to the said John Wreford Budd; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to Benjamin Thomas Loader. He declares that he has made another will in respect of his property in Switzerland and Italy, and that this will relate solely to his property in Great Britain and Ireland.

The will (dated April 20, 1888) of Miss Louisa Broke, late of 4, Marlborough-buildings, Bath, was proved on Aug. 4 by Dame Frederica Mary Horatia Loraine Broke, the niece, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to the Blind School Home, Bath; £25 each to the Royal United Hospital (Bath), the Mineral Water Hospital (Bath), the Mission to Seamen (11, Buckingham-street, Strand), the Blind Deaf and Dumb Home (Walcot-parade, Bath), and the Young Women's Christian Association (Bath); £8000 each to the Hon. Mrs. Jane Ann Saumarez and the said Lady Loraine Broke; £2000 to Horace Broke; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Francis Pocock and Robert Buckley Boyer.

The will and two codicils (all dated May 30, 1890) of Mrs. Lydia Marianne Anderson, late of The Ferns, Frognal, Hampstead, who died on June 22 last, were proved on Aug. 4 by James Reddie Anderson, Percy John Frederick Lush, M.D., and Miss Lydia Anderson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Women's Missionary Association of the Presbyterian Church of England; £200 to each grandchild living at her death who shall attain twenty-one; £200 to each of her executors; and legacies to servants, and various specific gifts to members of her family. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for all her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1868) of Mr. William Jackson Hodgetts, formerly of Liverpool, and late of Edderthorpe, Capenhurst, Cheshire, who died on June 18 last, at Church Stretton, Salop, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mrs. Margaret Hodgetts, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths the whole of his personal estate to his wife, for her absolute use.

Letters of Administration, with the will annexed, to the estate of the late Miss Elizabeth Mary Mimpriss, of 32, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, have been granted to James Archibald Stirling, the Syndic of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation, Limited, the executors named in the will, the personal estate exceeding in value £17,700. The testatrix bequeaths the following charitable legacies, free of duty: to the St. George's Hospital, £1000; to the Hospital for Consumption (Fulham-road), £50; to the Society for the Protection of Women and Children (85, Strand), £500; to the Home for Incurable Children (Maida Vale), £100; to the Home for Crippled Girls (Marylebone-road), £100; to the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital (Eastbourne), £100; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, £100; to the Gordon Hospital (Vauxhall Bridge-road), £500; to the Hospital for Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen-square), £200; to the Free Cancer Hospital (Fulham-road), £100; and, after other legacies to friends and relations, the testatrix gives the residue of her estate to the Society for the Protection of Women and Children.

Certificate of Analysis from DR JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E.,

Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst"; Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

"I have examined SALT REGAL with the following results: That it is an effervescent saline, compounded from absolutely pure ingredients. When it is placed in contact with water, the chemical combination which ensues results in the formation of two of the best known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used.

"I have not before met with a so well manufactured and ingenious combination, at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended."—JOHN MUTER.

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ROYAL
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An Appetising and Refreshing Tonic. A Thirst-Quencher for all occasions. A morning "Pick-me-up." A high-class Effervescing, Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life. Prevents and Relieves FLATULENCE, Nausea, GIDDINESS, Heartburn, Acidity, Palpitation, Bilious HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Malaria, Irritation of the Skin, Liver Complaint, Lassitude, WEARINESS, &c. Corrects all Impurities arising from errors of diet, eating, or drinking.

The Editor of "HEALTH," the great Authority of HYGIENE, recommends SALT REGAL for general use in Families, and speaks in the highest praise of SALT REGAL.

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FOR SAFETY,
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For MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline Preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

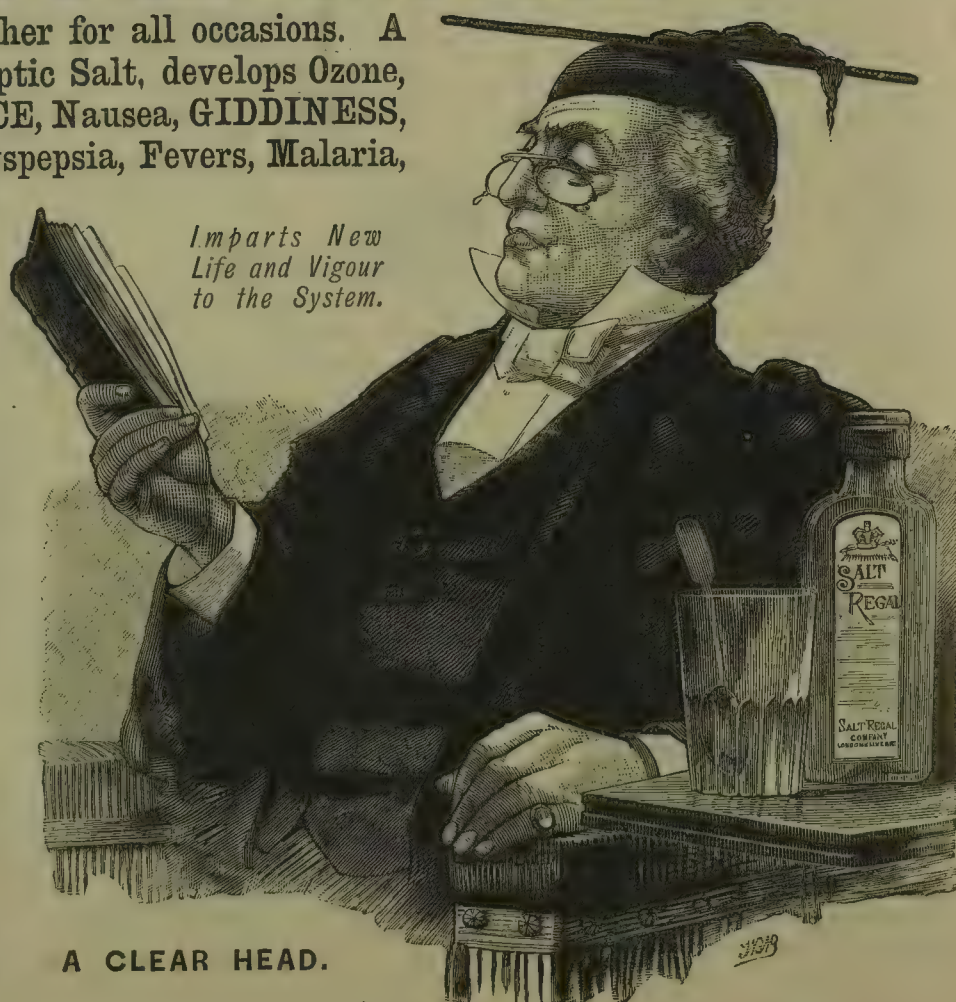
Lieut.-Colonel HUGH BAMBER, Margate, says:—

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To have old-fashioned, worn-out Salines palmed off upon you. Insist upon having SALT REGAL, which imparts new life to the system, develops ozone, the principle of life, and turns to a beautiful rose pink colour when mixed with water. The enormous sale of SALT REGAL testifies to its superiority and excellence over all other remedies for Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Headache, and kindred complaints.

SALT REGAL may be obtained of all Chemists, and at the Stores; but if any difficulty, send 2/9 addressed to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, and a bottle will be forwarded in course of post.



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PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per Month. Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The most economical and judicious mode of obtaining a really good pianoforte is to hire one (with the option of purchasing it if approved) of the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

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THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. 27, BAKER STREET.

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MINISTERING CHILDREN. Song. By LEIGH KINGSMILL. Two children visit a lonely widowed cottager, and after handing her the contents of their basket, sing their simple hymn, which seem to the widow as the songs of cherubim. In E flat, F (C to F), and G, 34 stanzas. London: PHILLIPS and PAGE, 8, Oxford-market, W.

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Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, and CO., acting on behalf of the Committee of Virginia Bondholders in New York, INVITE the DEPOSIT with them of all SECURITIES of the STATE of VIRGINIA held in this country or on the Continent, to be dealt with in accordance with the Agreement dated May 12, a copy of which was published on June 21, 1889.

Securities, with July 1890 and all subsequent Coupons attached, will be received by Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and Co., until further notice, at their Counting-House, Founders'-court, Lothbury, London, E.C., in the terms of the said Agreement.

The classification of the Securities to be deposited is as follows:—

FIRST CLASS.—Old Bonds, to include all Securities issued under Acts passed previous to Funding Bill of 1871; Peelers, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 30, 1871, as amended by the Act of March 7, 1872.

SECOND CLASS.—Consols, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 30, 1871, with July 1890 and subsequent Coupons attached.

THIRD CLASS.—Ten Forties, to include all Securities issued under Act of March 28, 1879, with July 1890 and subsequent Coupons attached.

FOURTH CLASS.—Tax receivable Coupons prior to July 1890.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders, acting in conjunction with the English Committee of Virginia Bondholders, directs me to state that, having considered the Agreement above referred to, it recommends Holders to deposit their Bonds, Coupons, and Certificates with Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and Co. (Signed) C. O'LEARY, Secretary.

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WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

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On August 26 (Sixpence), New Series, No. 87, **THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.**—Containing EIGHT DAYS, by the Author of "The Touchstone of Peril." Chaps. VI. to VIII.—ROME AND THE ROMANS.—CABLE-LAYING.—A BORDER FORAY.—HIS FIRST EXPERIMENT.—A WINTERMERE SUNRISE.—SEAN; and A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH. Chaps. IX. to XII. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

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ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION. The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending Aug. 30:—1st King's Royal Rifle Corps. 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment. Scots Guards on Monday, Aug. 25, only. Bands play daily from 12 noon to 11 p.m.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-Book or Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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MILAN.—Hôtel de Rome. Admirably situated, full south, near the Cathedral, Galleries, and principal objects of interest. Well recommended for its comfort and moderate charges. Branch House—Hôtel Biscione and Bellevue. BORELLA FRERES.

MÜRREN, Switzerland.—Grand Hôtel des Alpes. Altitude, 1650 yards. One of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland. This Hotel is just rebuilt in stone, and has all modern improvements and comforts. Electric light in every room. Residence of English Chaplain. Lawn-tennis. Museum. Telephonic communication with the Hôtel Steinbock, Lauterbrunnen.

MÜNICH ANNUAL FINE ART EXHIBITION at the ROYAL CRYSTAL PALACE, From JULY 1 to OCT. 15.

M O N T E C A R L O . For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England. Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c. There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-coast, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

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YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND CRIMEA.—The Orient Company will dispatch their steam-ship CHIMBORAZO, 347 tons register, 3000 horse power, from London on AUG. 30 for a Forty-five Days' Cruise to the Mediterranean and Black Sea, visiting Tanger, Palermo, Syracuse, Athens (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Malta, Gibraltar. The month of September is considered the best time for the Crimea. The Chimboraço is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine à la carte. Managers—F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot left Fontainebleau for La Rochelle on the morning of Aug. 18, to open the new dock at that port. At various stations on the route where the train made brief stoppages the President was warmly received. He reached La Rochelle in the evening, and was welcomed at the station by the Prefect and the chief notabilities of the department.—M. Ribot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, left on the morning of Aug. 18 to be present at a banquet which the Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais gives to the members of the Council-General of the Department.—A statue of Dossaix was unveiled on Aug. 17 at his native village, St. Hilaire d'Ayat, in Auvergne.—Prince Louis de Broglie, nephew of the Duc de Broglie, was married on the 19th to Mlle. De Montgermont, at St. Clotilde, Paris.

The Duke of Aosta on Aug. 16 unveiled the frescoes illustrative of the life of King Victor Emanuel which have been painted in the great hall of the historic Municipal Palace at Siena.—A moderate stream of lava is flowing down the south-west side of Vesuvius, threatening to invade the road that leads from Pompeii towards the mountain, but Professor Palmieri says that the Observatory instruments give no warning of any increase in the activity of the crater.

The German Emperor left Berlin on Aug. 14, accompanied by his Chancellor, General Von Caprivi, for Kiel, where his Majesty embarked on his yacht, the Hohenzollern, for Russia. His Majesty arrived at Revel at noon on the 17th, and was welcomed by the Grand Duke Alexis and the Grand Duke Vladimir. The ships in the harbour and all the principal buildings on land were decorated in honour of the event. His Majesty, who was heartily cheered by the immense crowds which thronged the place, left at three o'clock in a special train for Narva. In the evening he arrived at Narva, and was received at the railway station by the Czar and a very distinguished assemblage. Their Majesties drove to the Polevzeff Villa, where the Emperor William was welcomed by the Czarina. The streets along which they passed were crowded with people, who heartily cheered them. The 18th was principally spent in inspecting troops and visiting various institutions. The two Emperors attended the church parade of the Preobrajensky Infantry Regiment, the crack regiment of the Guards. Both Emperors stood bareheaded before the altar during the prayers, and the Emperor William as well as the Czar kissed the cross presented by the priest. The Empress and the Grand Duchesses, dressed in the colours of the Preobrajensky Regiment, witnessed the ceremony from the pavilion. After the church parade the Imperial party lunched at the castle, and the Czar drank to the health of the Emperor William. The 18th being the birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the members of the Austrian Embassy at St. Petersburg were invited to the Court déjeuner. All the company present wore their Austrian orders. Both the Czar and the Emperor William proposed toasts. The Czar, accompanied by the Empress, her daughter Xenia, and other members of the Imperial family, took the German Emperor to Jamburg on the 19th, by special train from Narva, to witness the first encounter between the troops of an invader from the Baltic and a defending force from St. Petersburg.—The 14th being the birthday of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Royal and Princely Palaces at Berlin were

decorated with flags in honour of the event.—Prince Bismarck paid a visit to the Duke of Edinburgh at Kissingen on the 18th. A torchlight procession took place in the evening in honour of the ex-Chancellor. Prince Bismarck has been presented with the freedom of the town of Duisburg.

On Aug. 17 the Czar laid the foundation-stone of a new church in Narva, and in the afternoon visited Hungerborg, at the mouth of the river Narova, to perform a similar function.—Vice-Admiral Petchuroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian fleets in the Black Sea and Caspian Sea, has, according to a Reuter's telegram, been appointed a member of the Russian Council of State.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, on Aug. 18, celebrated his sixtieth birthday at Ischl, surrounded by his family. In preparation for the anniversary various popular amusements were arranged in Vienna and the other chief towns of the Empire. The day opened with Divine service in all the churches. Loyal articles on the joyful event appeared in all the papers. Among the congratulations which the Emperor received was one that the Emperor William sent from Narva.—The Empress Elizabeth left Ischl on the 19th for Flushing, whence, after a short stay, she proceeded to the Scottish coast, in order to commence her long sea voyage.

The Archduke Carl Stephan has arrived at Copenhagen with the Austrian squadron, consisting of four war-vessels. His Imperial Highness was presented to the King on Aug. 18, and all the officers of the squadron were invited to the dinner given in the evening in the Archduke's honour. On the 19th King Christian inspected the Austrian Fleet.

The baptism of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta was solemnised in Athens at noon on Aug. 18. The Empress Frederick and all the members of the Hellenic Royal family were present, as well as the Ministers and the members of the Diplomatic body in Athens. The infant Prince was baptised under the name of George.

The Census Commissioner estimates the population of the United States at 64,000,000, being an increase of 30 per cent. during the past decade.—The House of Representatives has passed the Bill withholding Post-office facilities from lottery companies. Correspondence has been presented to the Senate respecting the prohibition decreed by the French Government against the entry of pork from the United States, according to which it seems that the objections of the European Power are of an economic character.—The police and the men on strike from the New York Central Railway came into collision on Aug. 17 at Albany. Several shots were fired, and a number of people not connected with the strike were killed.

We learn from Adelaide, South Australia, that the Hon. Dr. Cockburn's Ministry has resigned, and that a new Cabinet has been formed by Mr. Playford, as follows: The Hon. T. Playford, Premier and Treasurer; Sir J. C. Bray, Chief Secretary; the Hon. R. Homburg, Attorney-General; the Hon. W. Copley, Commissioner of Crown Lands; the Hon. W. B. Rounswell, Commissioner of Public Works; the Hon. D. Bews, Minister of Education.

A telegram from Sydney states that a sculling match for £100 a side took place on Aug. 18, over the Parramatta course, between Neil Matterson and Stephenson, the champion of New Zealand. Matterson won by four lengths.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS' FIRST PICTURE.

The daughter of Mr. Frith, R.A., contributes to the *Toronto Week* an account of how Sir John, then Mr., Millais sold his first picture. When he was painting the "Ferdinand and Ariel," a dealer who saw it said, if, when it was finished, he liked it as much as he did then, he would buy it for £100. Millais was jubilant. He was living with his father and mother, and, as they were badly off, the money, which they made up their minds was quite secure, was anticipated, and the greater part was spent. At last "Ferdinand" was finished, and the dealer was asked to come. "I promised when I was here before to have the picture if I liked it," he said. "But I don't like it, and I won't buy it," and off he went. When the anxious old people were told in the other room, they were in great distress. "Furnished Apartments" was written out on a card and wafered to the front parlour window, and the family sat down to wait for a lodger who was to mend their broken fortunes by helping with the rent. A week or two after this another dealer dropped in, bringing with him an old gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons. Millais showed them what he was doing, and the strange old gentleman listened with sympathy to the story of the disappointment. He gave the artist some kindly advice, and, pulling a book out of his pocket, said, "I'll give you this copy if you will promise to read it. And if you will fetch me pen and ink, I'll write your name in it." He took the volume to a side-table in the painting-room, wrote in it, and brought it back to Millais. "Mind you read it, now; mind you read it; it will do you good," he kept on repeating. As Millais was letting them out of the front door, the dealer contrived to whisper that his companion was Mr. Ellison—the Mr. Ellison who afterwards left pictures to the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge. So Millais on returning to his work opened the book which had been so highly recommended by this judge of art, and there fell out a cheque for 150 guineas, signed by Ellison, for the "Ferdinand." Sir John declares, says the writer, that the first thing he did, after telling his people, was to unwafer the "Furnished Apartments" card and tear it up; and that since that day he has never had occasion to call in the help of lodgers.

Sir Michael Galway has been appointed Chief Justice of Natal.

Lord Cranbrook, the Bishop of Bangor, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir J. Puleston, M.P., and Archdeacon Farrar have consented to act as Presidents of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, which is to be opened at Bangor on September 2.

Davis Dalton, the American back swimmer, has accomplished the feat of swimming the Channel from Boulogne to Folkestone. He was in the water for over twenty-three hours, and traversed at least sixty miles. When he landed he was thoroughly exhausted, and fainted.

The Clothworkers' Exhibition of fifty guineas a year for three years, tenable at either Oxford or Cambridge by the best candidate in science at the examination for higher certificates held in July under the authority of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, has been gained by Herbert Howard, of Denstone College, Staffordshire.

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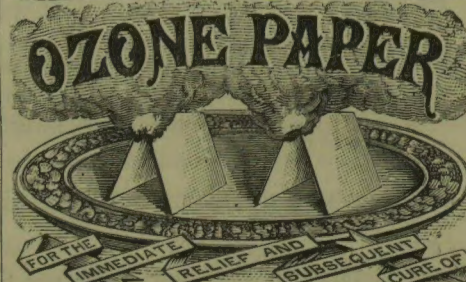
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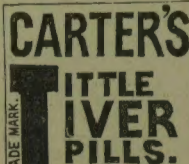


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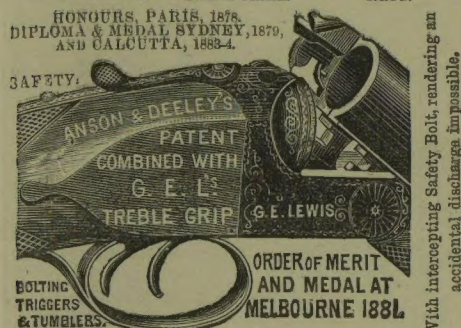
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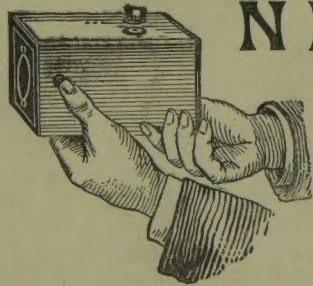
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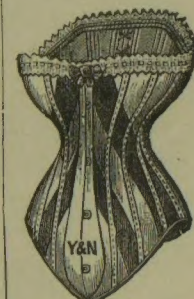
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